THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. {

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1848. | WHOLE NO. 1430.

Original Poetry.

SONGS OF OLD SAYINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

There is many an hour in a lifetime of years,
There is many a moment in every hour,
And an angel's broad wing on his shoulder he wears,
Who never gives passion one moment of power—
Who never grows haughty in fortune and pride,
Who never grows bitter in pain and regret,
Who speaks God's own justice, and nothing beside,
And leaves us no word to Forgive and Forget.

We all burn with passion and tremble with wrath,
We all speak harsh words that were better unsaid,
We all take false steps in humanity's path,
And trample on others sometimes as we tread;
And shall we refuse to another's demand
The pardon so oft we have needed and met?
Shall we plead with the lip while we shut up the hand,
And only our own faults Forgive and Forget?

Who wrongs me, degrades himself lower than me,
Gives me the world's pity, himself its disgrace,
But when he repents, and I turn from his plea,
He suffers my wrong, and I stand in his place;
Oh help us, great Heaven, to treasure no more
The shadows and wrongs in our memories yet,
Wave the wing of thy peace all our bitterness o'er,
And teach us, God like, to Forgive and Forget!

I HEARD A SONG LAST SUNSET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY NEMO.

I heard a song last sunset,
When strolling careless by,
Where friends will meet to mingle
Their grief, when dear ones die.
I lingered but a moment,
To catch the swelling strain;
In that brief time I listened,
Were crowded years of pain.

The voice of peerless beauty
Sang to the circled throng,
And manly voices chanted
The chorus of the song;
A song of early sorrow—
A pure one called away,
To mingle with the angels,
In climes of endless day.

Ah! not unmeet that music,
From wounded hearts to flow,
But broken was my spirit,
By darker, deeper woe.
I mourned a gentle being,
Called heaven-ward from my side—
I mourned a lost and loved one,
My dead, affianced bride.

Independence, Dec., 1848.

Original Tales.

THE LAWYER AND THE PRINTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ANNIE J. ASHFORD.

"No, no, sis, I can't think of that. I never can consent to throw away my dear little sister by giving her in marriage to Charles Brown. He is not half good enough for you."

"Well, Ned, it's a great pity you couldn't find some one good enough for your dear little sister. Do you think I am so much better than other people that no young man of our acquaintance is good enough for me? You already begin to tease me about being an old maid, and if I am not married soon, mamma will don her spectacles, and go to hunting out a son-in-law, as other good mammas do; then the world says it is time for me to be married, as I am passing out of my teens; and the world is very wise on all such topics. Now, under these circumstances, no one can be found that is suitable for me, in your estimation. You always have a troop of young men here, and some of them you exalt beyond measure, but if they manifest much interest in me, and begin to be particular in their attentions, then the tune is changed, forsooth, and not one of them is good enough for me."

"Really, pet, you are zealous. Before you get too determined in the matter, I hope you will aspire to something higher than the hand of Charles Brown. I should not like to see my sister—Madeline Gay—become the wife of a printer. Why! if we lived among noblemen, I should think of nothing less than a coronet for you." Then Edward Gay took his little sister in his arms, just as he would a child, and attempted to close the conversation by a volley of kisses.

But Madeline was in earnest, and she did not intend to let Edward's aristocratic notions, his satire or his kisses prevent her from an expression of her opinion. So she disengaged herself, and assuming rather more dignity than was her wont, proceeded—

"Ned, I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You talk a great deal about the dignity of labor; and it's but a few evenings since you addressed the Mechanics' Association, and expatiated largely, I am told, upon the merits, the importance and the true nobility of the working man; but now that it suits your purpose, you attempt to depreciate a truly worthy person, because he has a practical knowledge of an Art which has done more than any other to bless and enlighten the world. Oh, shame! there is not a bit of democracy about you. If the mechanics knew you as well as I do, they would know that your speech was all blarney—it's just to get their votes, to make yourself popular with the masses. Let Charles W. Brown's occupation be what it may, I trust *he* will never do an act so unworthy a man."

"Brown, *Brown!* that's a beauty of a name," responded Edward, who began to feel the force of his sister's remarks, but thought it would not answer to get offended. "*Mrs.* Charles W. Brown! that *would* sound pretty. With such a name no one would ever suspect you of being other than one of the vulgar herd."

"There it is again," cried Madeline. "I don't believe there is another such an aristocrat in ten counties. Instead of estimating a man by his intellectual and moral worth, and his capacity for usefulness, as you profess to do when you address the '*dear people*,' you estimate him by his name, his parentage, the length of his purse, and the accident of station. I believe in your heart you despise the working-man, and have an abhorrence of all kinds of manual labor, and that you place yourself very far above all who have not enjoyed the opportunities for improvement that you have. It is a mark of good sense, I think, for one to consider the superior advantages from which his superiority is derived."

"Then you do regard me as a superior sort of being," exclaimed Edward, with one of his heartiest laughs.

"No, no! I didn't mean that. One must be a dunce indeed, if he don't make something of a man, when, like yourself, he has had every advantage—that of education, travelling, society, and good counsel at home. Possibly the name of Edward Gay might never have been known beyond the purlieus of his own hamlet, had he been forced to struggle with poverty, and pass through the adverse scenes of an exacting world, unpitied and alone as others have done."

"Speak it out, sis, say as Charlie Brown has done."

"Well, as Charlie Brown has done. No fond mother hung with delight over the cradle of *his* infancy—no gentle spirits diffused around him their atmosphere of love—no watchful guardian directed his steps in childhood; but he was bereft of friends, cast upon the cold charities of society, then left like a worthless plant, uncared for, untrained, *unloved*. Governed by the noble impulses within him, and the upward tendencies of his energetic nature, he rose from his humble station, and step by step has he ascended to an eminence that none need be ashamed to occupy. Oh, I love to see the free, truthful, earnest spirit, spurning the temptations that are thrown around it, and defying even stern necessity to crush or contaminate it."

"Zounds! what a preacher my sister would make. She would do honor to the pulpit or the bar either. Madda, if you were a man you should be a lawyer and enter our firm.—Then it would be Gay & Son, and you should do all the pleading, and wouldn't we have a reputation for eloquence!"

"This is a subject," returned Madeline, "that is intimately connected with my happiness and my future life; and I think it would be more brotherly in you to treat it with a degree of consideration. If you have any serious objections to Charles Brown, let me know them. Are you really opposed to my plans, Ned, or is it only that you are about to be connected with the Livingstons, and you fear they will not think Charlie sufficiently *distingue* to belong to a family with which they are connected? Perhaps it is Ada that stands in my way, and it is because of her you object?"

"Ada Livingston would, I dare say, be glad to have you make a brilliant match, as brilliant as your brother Edward is going to make," and here he went off in a rapsody about the charms of his lady-love. "Isn't she a magnificent creature? So perfectly queenly, and yet possessing so much *naivete!* I am a lucky fellow," and here he surveyed himself in a large mirror, with the greatest satisfaction. In symmetry of figure, in expression of countenance, and in polished manners, Edward Gay had few superiors. As has already been observed, he possessed a large fund of knowledge, being highly educated, travelled, familiar with the *beau monde*, and having much humor, and an unbounded flow of spirits, he was a delightful companion, and the very *beau ideal* of a lover in the minds of the ladies. He had also a kind heart, and would not knowingly inflict pain, hence he began to fear he had treated the subject they were discussing with too much levity. The truth was, he did not want Madeline to marry Charles Brown, and having no valid reason to urge, he hardly knew what to say. His judgment assented to all she said in favor of Charles; indeed he instinctively rendered homage to that spirit that had surmounted so many obstacles, and whose motto still was "UPWARD AND ONWARD!" But the Livingstons—what would they think of it? Charles had never been invited to their parties, though Ada had occasionally met him elsewhere. Edward knew that such an alliance would by no means please his prospective mother-in-law, a woman, by the way, distinguished by her *hauteur* and her wealth, rather than for any goodness or greatness. She was not altogether satisfied with Ada's choice, as the Gays she thought somewhat inferior to themselves; but Edward she liked passing well, he being sufficiently shrewd to minister to her vanity; so her objections were not very serious. But Charles Brown! he was not one of the upper ten thousand; nobody knew *his* father or his grandfather, consequently Mrs. Livingston did not know *him*; and Edward shrunk from the thought of placing her in a position where she would be obliged to form an acquaintance. He was ashamed to acknowledge the true state of the case to his sister, so whenever the subject was referred to, it was generally treated in a way similar to that already described.

Madeline was satisfied of the cause of his opposition, and cared much less for it than she would had he himself been opposed. She continued to encourage the attentions of Charles Brown, and in due time the preliminaries were all settled, and nought remained but the sanction of Madeline's parents to complete their blissful prospects. Charles was not long in obtaining their consent, as Mrs. Gay was a woman who generally referred things of importance to the decision of her husband, and he had sufficient good sense to appreciate the character of the young suitor.

"No," said he, to his wife, "I shall not object. I have studied the young man closely. In morals he is unexceptionable; then he has business tact and talent, and has that all essential requisite—self-reliance. I sometimes fear Edward is deficient in this."

And Mr. Gay was right. The son had been too fondly and injudiciously cared for, all his wants had been supplied without any effort of his own—he had never been taught to depend upon himself. He had talents of a superior order, but was indolent and improvident. He knew not the value of the many comforts and benefits he had so largely shared. The father was well prepared for the varied scenes of life, for the rough ways of the world—he was like the sturdy oak that withstands the fiercest storms; the son was like the foliage that adorns it—beautiful and graceful, but which may be swept away by the first breath of the tempest.

Mr. Gay had always had a competence in its largest sense; his means, however, were becoming more and more limited. He had expended a great amount upon his family; such indulgence giving him far more pleasure than the hoarding of wealth. The declining income of the father acted for awhile somewhat as a spur upon the habits of the son, until he was quite sure of obtaining the hand of Ada Livingston: that union, he believed, would place him beyond the reach of want forever. Her father was reputed a millionaire, and she was an only child. But alas! alas! how soon is the brightest sky o'erhung with clouds!

The world said Charles Brown was unfortunate, for he had to grapple closely with adversity. Gaunt poverty restrained the joyousness of his childhood, and taxed to the utmost his energy in more advanced years. He found no benefit in the name of family connections, no friends secured for him places of trust and profit. Yes, he was unfortunate; but inasmuch as his circumstances taught him to rely upon his own powers, and that he must sustain a separate and individual character in the great drama of life—inasmuch as they taught him that if he ever had a name honorable among men, he must win it, if he had wealth, he must amass it, if he had friends, he must make them; he possessed an infinite advantage over the petted, spoiled, and indolent child of affluence. Not that poverty is to be desired or riches undervalued; but it is to be regretted that the latter paralyses so many otherwise energetic natures; and it is matter for rejoicing, too, that the former has not always power to check the ambition, to corrupt the morals, and to freeze the out-gushing sympathies of the young heart.

The world said Edward Gay was fortunate, and so he was—our readers know something of his history. But inasmuch as he contracted habits of idleness and neglected the resources within him, he treasured for himself trials and troubles innumerable. The smooth and even path of our young existence, which is strewn with flowers by the hands of those who love us, not unfrequently ends in a thorny maze.—The morning of life all radiant with hope and promise, is often the precursor to a mid-day of sorrow and of sadness.

A short time previous to his marriage with Ada, a sudden revulsion in the commercial world threw the Livingstons into a state of the deepest dejection. The haughty millionaire was reduced, as many others have been, to a mere pittance. The winds and the waves destroyed his shipping, fires consumed his houses and his merchandise, and the sudden fall in stocks completed his ruin. We need not detail this series of misfortunes—all who are acquainted with the railroad speed of the American speculator know that his track is often short, whether it be upward or downward.

Ada was, of course, still the adored of Edward, but somehow a great change had passed over the spirit of his dream. He was sure he had never thought of wealth in seeking the alliance—he was no fortune-hunter, not he! but this change had made a wonderful difference in his prospects. She was still the stately, the elegant, the beautiful woman; but the *solid* charms were wanting, and these had had more to do with fascinating the accomplished Gay than he was aware of. In due time, however, the marriage rites were solemnized, and they commenced living on a somewhat moderate scale, though in furnishing their establishment they went to the utmost limit of their means. They made a great effort to keep up appearances, and maintain a style resembling that to which Ada had been accustomed.

Time passed on, but it effected no change for the better. Instead of rising to eminence in his profession, Edward proved to be merely a second rate lawyer. He was often involved in pecuniary difficulties from which he knew not how to extricate himself. He suffered mortification when abroad, and chagrin when at home, for Ada was not backward in reminding him of his inefficiency. She had been accustomed to every indulgence that could be procured—well trained servants had ever stood ready to do her bidding, hence she could not bear to be curtailed in her resources, or minister to her own wants. They were both unprepared for the duties of life; and were we to take our readers to a home of contentment and peace—to a place where the fond heart finds its chief delight in making happy the object of its love, we would not take them to the home of Edward Gay.

Charles and Madeline understood far better the philosophy of living, and making home happy. Neither had been governed by mercenary motives in the choice of a companion—neither had been dazzled by a polished exterior, but both had been attracted by the qualities of mind and heart. They made no effort to appear other than they were, and deemed it no disgrace to use the powers God had given them, to promote the comfort and happiness of themselves and all around them.

Possessing the confidence of the community, Charles found it no difficult matter to engage in a lucrative business; and, to make short a long story, many years had not elapsed before he was known as the owner of the largest mercantile establishment in the city of C——. He filled with great credit several offices of honor and emolument, and among others, that [illegible]

Mrs. Charles W. Brown was known as the charming little woman that gave such delightful soirees, and rode in such a pretty carriage and dressed so simply though with exquisite taste. And above all was Mrs. Brown known as a friend to the friendless, as a patroness of the arts, as a promoter and liberal rewarder of industry.

Old Mr. Livingston began to die with his dying fortune. The efforts of his wife to rouse him were for some time all in vain—neither reproach, nor entreaty, nor fear of want could move him to action, or induce him to engage in any business. He brooded over his misfortunes till life itself became almost insupportable.

One cold winter morning a visiter was announced at Mr. Brown's, and on entering the drawing-room, whom should Charles and Madeline meet but Mrs. Livingston—the formerly overbearing, distinguished Mrs. Livingston! They both received her with great kindness and cordiality, and after some preliminary conversation, she said,—

"I have called this morning, Mr. Brown, to inquire if there is any vacant situation in your counting house or office, that Mr. Livingston could obtain. He is so spiritless and dejected, and dwells so constantly upon his misfortunes, that it is necessary he should engage in something to divert his attention, and save his mind from the total wreck which threatens it. Then we must depend in future upon his labor for our support," and here she half suppressed a heavy sigh as she recollected to whom she was speaking.

Let no one suppose this was an hour of triumph to Charles Brown. He sincerely grieved at the distress of any person, even though that person had treated him with scorn and contempt. He was above the indulgence of a spirit of revenge, he was too noble and too benevolent not to desire the happiness of all.

Ten years from the time at which our story commences, the haughty aristocrat became a clerk for the humble printer. If we are prosperous to-day, how foolish to give ourselves up to a foolish pride—the tide may not set in our favor to-morrow!

Salem, Ohio.

THE TIGER'S SPRING.

It is, perhaps, worthy of mention as tending to correct an erroneous idea commonly received, that tigers never, or very seldom, leap upon the object of their attack; I mean that, in their charge, they do not entirely quit the ground. They generally, in all cases which I have seen, raise themselves erect upon the hind legs when within a few paces of the object they are charging, and, taking a step or two in this upright posture, they cast themselves with all their force against it, striking at the same time with their paws. Some few sportsmen have averred that they have seen the tiger leap upon his prey or upon his foe. Now, positive information is certainly better than negative; it is no reason the clock did not strike thirteen because I did not hear it; and I do not mean to say, that the tiger never does leap upon his victim, or never has done so. We know that this animal, like the cat, is formed with peculiar powers for leaping; and that, when pursued, it has been known to spring over brooks, enclosures, and other obstructions, with a wonderful bound. It would be absurd, then, to say that it never does leap, in making its charge, or in flinging itself upon a adversary. I merely affirm that it very seldom does so, instinct or experience teaching that the other mode is the more effectual of the two. A full grown Bengal tiger will rear himself upright upon the ground at least ten feet; and, in that posture, would easily be able to fix his claws upon the back of an elephant, and in that manner draw himself completely up; so that a superficial observer would be apt to think that he had employed a spring, when such was not the case. The latter is, I believe, a very general notion amongst those who have not been close observers of the animal, and even among many people in India. The correction here offered, is not formed upon the strength of my own impressions merely, but I have the opinions of many true sportsmen to back it.—*First Impressions of Hindostan.*

THE REASON.—A Maine paper says that the reason why the Vermont and New Hampshire Boys are so tall, is because they are in the habit of drawing themselves up so as to peep over the mountains to see the sun rise. It is dreadful stretching work.

The Christmas Time.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"I don't think it worth while at all," said Mrs. Lamberton. "It's a great waste of money, and, besides, does them no real good."

"Very true," remarked Mr. Lamberton. "Thousands of dollars are spent at Christmas for one trumpery thing and another that might be far more usefully employed. I never liked the system. It does children, as you say, no good."

"How much did we spend on last Christmas for drums, horses and dogs, and the dear knows what all?"

"Oh, don't ask me! More than I'd like to count up. And it was all a sheer waste. If the money had been given to the poor, there would have been some satisfaction in thinking about it. But now there is none."

"Well; I'm not in favor of spending a single cent for toys and such like things."

"Give them all a sixpence a-piece, and they'll be happy enough," said the father, "and then we'll have no crying over broken doll's heads, crippled wagons, or legless horses."

"Harry will be dreadfully disappointed, I'm afraid," remarked the mother, already half relenting. "He has done little else all day but talk about what Kriss Kringle will put in his stocking to-night. And Anna will cry her eyes out if she doesn't get a new doll."

"A little crying isn't going to hurt them; and I'll guarantee to dry all their tears with a sixpence or a shilling each."

Uncle Joseph and Aunt Rachel were silent auditors of this little conversation. Just then the lights were brought into the room, and Anna, Harry and Charley came bounding in with them as wild and playful as young fawns. They had been looking forward to Christmas for, I can't tell how long, and now that it was only one day off, they could hardly contain themselves. Their young imaginations teemed with images of things in store for them by the good Kriss Kringle, in regard to whose identity there was a division among the younger members of the house. Anna, who was eight years old, and, therefore, entitled by her age to have her opinions considered of weight, positively declared that her father was Kriss Kringle; but Harry, three years her junior, as positively asserted that the all-renowned Kriss came down the chimney, and was, therefore, a very different personage from her father, who was too big to get in at the top or out at the bottom. As for little curly headed, rosy checked Charley, as mischievous a rogue as ever lived to love sugar plums, he didn't trouble his head at all about the matter. His whole theory on the subject lay in his confident expectation of finding his stockings filled with toys and candies on Christmas morning. Beyond that he had no questions to ask, nor doubts for solution.

"Oh, papa! To-morrow's Christmas!" cried Charley, climbing upon his knee. "To-morrow's Christmas! And won't Kriss Kringle bring me the nice things? I want a horse, and a sword, and a wheelbarrow, and a whole heap of sugar plums."

"I'm afraid Kriss won't come this year," returned Mr. Lamberton, wishing to take the edge off of Charley's disappointment.

"Oh, yes, he will!" spoke up Anna and Harry, quickly. "And he'll bring me," said the latter, "a gun and a sword; and then won't I fight the Mexicans! Bang! boom! bang!"

"And he'll bring me the dearest wax doll!" said Anna, "with curly hair, and eyes that open and shut just as if it was alive. Oh! won't it be nice."

"Don't be too certain, Anna," said the father, "Kriss Kringle don't come every year."

"Oh, yes he does! Yes he does!" answered two or three little voices at once. "He came last Christmas, and the Christmas before," added Anna, "and he'll be here this year, I know he will."

"But suppose he shouldn't come?" suggested Mr. Lamberton; and he looked very grave.

There was something so serious in their father's voice, that the children felt that his words really meant more than they had at first believed; and their faces became sober also. Just then the tea bell rung, and all thoughts of toys and dolls were, for the moment, dissipated. After supper, the children were washed, and dressed in their night clothes. Each hung a stocking in the chimney corner, ready for the advent of the good genius who loves children, and then yielded to the oft repeated solicitation of Margaret, the nurse, to "come along and go to bed."

"I must say my prayers first," lisped dear little Charley, running up to his mother, and kneeling down before her.

"Our Father," said the mother, in a low, serious voice.

"Won't Kriss fill my stockings full, mother?"

"But you are saying your prayers, now. You mustn't think of toys, Charley. Our Father."

"Our Father," came musically from the sweet lips of the child.

"Who art in Heaven."

"Oh! I hope he'll bring me a whole pile of wagons, and dogs, and horses!" And Charley clapped his hands with delight.

"H-u-s-h, dear! You mustn't think about toys now. Who art in Heaven."

"Our Father, who art in Heaven," softly murmured the child.

"Hallowed be Thy—"

"Won't good old Krissy come, mother?"

"Charley must say his prayers good, if he wants the dear angels to stay with him while he is asleep. Come, love! Now don't think any more about toys and sugar plums. Hallowed be Thy name."

But it was no use. Charley couldn't say his prayers. His head was too full of Christmas. Harry met with but little better success; and Anna, after she had been in bed five minutes, remembered her neglect on this score, and kneeling under the clothes, piously lifted her thoughts to Heaven.

Ere this scene closed, Mr. Lamberton had half repented his resolution; and the mother of these three dear little ones felt her heart almost too weak to carry out her purpose.

"I declare," said the former, "I'm afraid it will be felt as too serious a disappointment."

"And so am I," returned the latter. "It is such a useless waste, too [illegible]"

"I know it is."

"Besides it does children no real good. In fact, as far as my observation goes, it does them harm."

In this Mrs. Lamberton agreed.

"Then," said her husband, "will it not be a mere weakness on our part, if we follow the old custom this year, and not a true regard for our children?"

"I suppose so."

"Will we be acting right, then?"

"Perhaps not. But it will be such a disappointment."

"No doubt of that. But, a light one compared to what they will have to suffer in after-life. The fact is, a trial like this will help to prepare them for the severer ones to come in the future."

Thus arguing the question, Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton finally came back to their original determination, which was to dispense with the usual "nonsense" of toys that would be broken or thrown aside in an hour; and heal the wounded hearts occasioned thereby with a generous distribution of a few sixpences and shillings. This would be a saving; and, I am afraid, the economy of the new order of things was, in reality, its highest recommendation.

Bed-time at last came, and Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton retired for the night, leaving the expectant stockings hanging empty in the chimney corner. The mother, just before lying down, had occasion to go into the room adjoining. It was the one in which Kriss Kringle was expected to make his appearance some time during the night. There was Charley's little stocking, round, almost, as when his feet was in it and bent to the very shape. Mrs. Lamberton sighed gently, as the image of his hopeful face, turned up to hers, presented itself; and she heard, in imagination, his sweet voice as it mingled his evening prayer with words that showed his thoughts to be near the earth.

Hours went by after the mother's head rested upon its pillow, before sleep came. And then she dreamed that it was Christmas morning, and that the children's stockings were filled, and that they were wild with delight. Charley was on her knee, showing his wagons, and dogs, and horses. Harry was marching about the room with his sword and drum; and Anna was hugging in her arms a wax-doll with as much delight as a young mother ever felt in clasping to her bosom her new born babe. A noise, which seemed to come from overhead, where Uncle Joseph and Aunt Rachel slept, awoke Mrs. Lamberton from this dream. She started up and listened, but all was silent.

The mother slept again. But, this time her dreams were less pleasant. Christmas morning had come, but it brought no joy to the expectant children. Their stockings were empty, and their hearts well nigh broken. Sleep passed once more from her eyelids, and though it was long before the approach of dawn, the gentle visitant came not again to her pillow.

And long ere the morning broke, Mr. Lamberton found himself awake, and thinking of the children.

"They will be so disappointed!" sighed the mother, when she found that her husband's slumber was likewise broken.

"Is there nothing we can put into their stockings?" asked the father, thus indicating the state of his mind.

"I've been thinking of that; but, there isn't a thing in the house that would do. I'm sorry we hadn't bought them something."

"We can do so still. I will go out directly after breakfast and buy them lots of things," said Mr. Lamberton.

"The mischief will all be done long enough before breakfast. The disappointment of their eager hopes—the scattering of their delightful dreams—will almost break their hearts. Dear little Charley! He couldn't say his prayers last night for thinking of his well filled stocking. Ah, me! We have done wrong—I feel it."

"Suppose I put half-a-dollar in each of their stockings?"

"You can do so if you like. But it won't satisfy them."

Undetermined what to do, or rather seeing no mode whatever of remedying their error, Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton lay awaiting the approach of day, yet dreading to see the dark curtain that was drawn close about the Eastern horizon begin to lift itself up. But, at length, morning broke, and a dim, pale light began to steal in at the window, showing first one object and then another, until all in the room became clearly visible. In expectation of trouble with the disappointed children, Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton left their bed and commenced dressing themselves hurriedly, in order to be prepared to meet and offer the little comfort that was in their power to give. Soon there was a sound in the room above where the children all slept with the nurse. Their pattering feet were heard upon the stairs, and, anon the door of the adjoining room was burst open. All was then still for a few moments. Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton listened with oppressed feelings. There was a low exclamation from one of the children that sounded like a sob. Following this was a sudden burst of joy and wild shouts of,

"Kriss has come! Kriss has come! Oh! [illegible]"

Mr. Lamberton [illegible] it quickly open. His surprise and delight were scarcely less than that felt by the children. Sure enough! Kriss Kringle was there, sitting close within the fire place, well loaded with toys, his pipe in his mouth, and his merry face turned towards the shouting children. The father and mother paused in wonder. Daylight came in, still but faintly, through the half closed shutters, and gave to the figure of Kriss the very air and expression of life. Some moments passed before they could really convince themselves that it was not a breathing figure, but one cunningly wrought by the hand of man, which was before them. Soon the children, at first disposed to look on from a distance, began gradually to approach. Harry laid violent hands upon a wagon, and Anna seized upon a beautiful wax doll. Charley, last to overcome his doubts as to whether Kriss were really alive or not, came up cautiously, and, while his eyes were fixed upon the laughing face of the figure, he withdrew from its hand a stocking crowded to overflowing with toys.

The good genius had forgotten no one in the house. There was a beautiful scarf stowed away in his pocket for father, and a handsome card-case for mother. Uncle Joseph and Aunt Rachel too, were remembered. Even Betty and Margaret had something, and there was no end to the toys and sugar-plums contained in pack and pockets for the children.

But, the mystery was, who had prepared this delightful surprise, coming as it did so opportunely, and correcting in such a good natured way the error of Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton? It was Uncle Joseph and Aunt Rachel, of course, who had been up nearly all night in order to have every thing ready; though they never clearly owned to the fact.

That was indeed a merry Christmas for all; and Mrs. Lamberton was as much pleased with her card-case, and her husband with his handsome scarf, as was any child in the house with his or her present from the good Kriss Kringle. As to the trouble, taken in advance, on account of broken doll's heads, wagon-wheels, and all that, none appeared through the day, and when night came, and the tired little ones went off willingly to bed, they slept with their treasures around them.

Pictures of Life.

THE DARK LADY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

People find it easy enough to laugh at "spirit-stories" in broad daylight, when the sunbeams dance upon the grass, and the deepest forest glades are spotted and checkered only by the tender shadows of leafy trees; when the rugged castle that looked so mysterious and so stern in the looming night, seems suited for a lady's bower; when the rushing waterfall sparkles in diamond showers, and the hum of bee and song of bird tune the thoughts to hopes of life and happiness; people may laugh at ghosts then, if they like, but as for me, I never could merely smile at the records of those shadowy visitors. I have large faith in things supernatural, and cannot disbelieve solely on the ground that I lack such evidences as are supplied by the senses; for they, in truth, sustain by palpable proofs so few of the many marvels by which we are surrounded, that I would rather reject them altogether as witnesses, than abide the issue entirely as they suggest.

My great grandmother was a native of the canton of Berne; and at the advanced age of ninety, her memory of "the long ago" was as active as it could have been at fifteen; she looked as if she had just stepped out of a piece of tapestry belonging to a past age, but with warm sympathies for the present. Her English, when she became excited, was very curious—a mingling of French, certainly not Parisian, with here and there scraps of German done into English, literally—so that her observations were at times remarkable for their strength. "The mountains," she would say, "in her country, went high, high up, until they could look into the Heavens, and *hear* God in the storm." She never thoroughly comprehended the real beauty of England; but spoke with contempt of the flatness of our island—calling our mountains "inequalities," nothing more; holding our agriculture "cheap," saying that the land tilled itself, leaving man nothing to do. She would sing the most amusing *patois* songs, and tell stories from morning till night, more especially spirit-stories, but the old lady would not tell a tale of that character a second time to an unbeliever; such things, she would say, "are not for make-laugh." One in particular, I remember, always excited great interest in her young listeners, from its mingling of the real and the romantic; but it can never be told as she told it; there was so much of the picturesque about the old lady—so much to admire in the curious carving of her ebony cane, in the beauty of her point lace, the size and weight of her [illegible], ugly earrings, the fashion of her solid silk gown, the singularity of her buckled shoes, her dark-brown wrinkled face, every wrinkle an expression—her broad, thoughtful brow, beneath which glittered her bright blue eyes—bright, even when her eyelashes were white with years. All these peculiarities gave impressive effect to her words.

"In my young time," she told us, "I spent many happy hours with Amelie de Rohean, in her uncle's castle. He was a fine man, much size, stern, and dark, and full of noise—a strong man, no fear—he had a great heart and a big head.

"The castle was situated in the midst of the most stupendous Alpine scenery, and yet it was not solitary. There were other dwellings in sight; some very near, but separated by a ravine, through which, at all seasons, a rapid river kept its foaming course. You do not know what torrents are in this country; your torrents are as babies—ours are giants. The one I speak of divided the valley; here and there a rock, round which it spouted, or stormed, according to the season. In two of the defiles these rocks were of great value, acting as piers for the support of bridges, the only means of communication with our opposite neighbors.

"Monsieur, as we always called the count, was, as I have told you, a dark, stern, violent man. All men are wilful, my dear young ladies," she would say, "but monsieur was the most wilful; all men are selfish, but he was the most selfish; all men are tyrants—" Here the old lady was invariably interrupted by her relatives, with, "Oh, good Granny!" and "Oh, fie, dear Granny!" and she would bridle up a little and fan herself, then continue—"Yes, my dears, each creature according to its nature—all men are tyrants; and I confess that I do think a Swiss, whose mountain inheritance is nearly coeval with the creation of the mountains, has a right to be tyrannical; I did not intend to blame him for that, I did not, because I had grown used to it. Amelie and I always stood up when he entered the room, and never sat down until we were desired. He never bestowed a loving word or a kind look upon either of us. We never spoke except when we were spoken to."

"But when you and Amelie were alone, dear Granny?"

"Oh, why then we did chatter, I suppose; [illegible] absence chilled us even when he was not present; and often she would say, 'It is so hard trying to love him, for he will not let me!' There is no such beauty in the world now as Amelie's. I can see her as she used to stand before the richly carved glass in the grave oak panelled dressing-room; her luxuriant hair combed up from her full, round brow; the discreet, maidenly cap, covering the back of her head; her brocaded silk, (which she had inherited from her grandmother,) shaded round the bosom by the modest ruffle; her black velvet gorget and bracelets, showing off to perfection the pearly transparency of her skin. She was the loveliest of all creatures, and as good as she was lovely; it seems but as yesterday that we were together—but as yesterday! And yet I lived to see her an old woman; so they called her, but she never seemed old to me! My own dear Amelie!" Ninety years had not dried up the sources of poor Granny's tears, nor chilled her heart; and she never spoke of Amelie without emotion. "Monsieur was very proud of his niece, because she was part of himself; she added to his consequence, she contributed to his enjoyments; she had grown necessary; she was the one sunbeam of his house."

"Not the *one* sunbeam, surely, Granny!" one of us would exclaim; "you were a sunbeam then."

"I was nothing where Amelie was—nothing but her shadow! The bravest and best in the country would have rejoiced to be to her what I was—her chosen friend; and some would have perilled their lives for one of the sweet smiles which played around her uncle, but never touched his heart. Monsieur never would suffer people to be happy except in his way. He had never married, and he declared Amelie never should. She had, he said, as much enjoyment as he had; she had a castle with a drawbridge; she had a forest for hunting; dogs and horses; servants and serfs; jewels, gold and gorgeous dresses; a guitar and a harpsichord; a parrot—and a friend! And such an uncle! he believed there was no such another uncle in broad Europe! For many a long day Amelie laughed at this catalogue of advantages—that is, she laughed when her uncle left the room; she never laughed before him. In time, the laugh came not; but in its place, sighs and tears. Monsieur had a great deal to answer for. Amelie was not prevented from seeing the gentry when they came to visit in a formal way, and she met many hawking and hunting; but she never was permitted to invite any one to the castle, nor to accept an invitation. Monsieur fancied that by shutting her lips he closed her heart, and boasted such was the advantage of his good training, that Amelie's mind was fortified against all weaknesses, for she had not the least dread of wandering about the ruined chapel of the castle, where he himself dared not go after dusk. This place was dedicated to the family ghost—the spirit which, for many years, had it entirely at its own disposal. It was much attached to its quarters, seldom leaving them, except for the purpose of interfering, when anything decidedly wrong was going forward in the castle. 'La Femme Noir' had been seen gliding along the unprotected parapet of the bridge, and standing on a pinnacle before the late master's death; and many tales were told of her, which in this age of unbelief would not be credited."

"Granny, did you know why your friend ventured so fearlessly into the ghost's territories?" inquired my cousin.

"I am not come to that," was the reply; "and you are one saucy little maid, to ask what I do not choose to tell. Amelie certainly entertained no fear of the spirit; 'La Femme Noir' could have had no angry feelings towards her, for my friend would wander in the ruins, taking no note of daylight, or moonlight, or even darkness. The peasants declared their young lady must have walked over crossed bones, or drank water out of a raven's skull, or passed nine times round the spectre's glass on Midsummer eve. She must have done all this, if not more; there could be little doubt that the 'Femme Noir' had initiated her into certain mysteries, for they heard at times voices in low, whispering converse, and saw the shadows of two persons cross the old roofless chapel, when 'Mamselle' had passed the foot bridge alone. Monsieur gloried in this fearlessness on the part of his gentle niece; and more than once, when he had revellers in the castle, he sent her forth at midnight to bring him a bough from a tree that only grew beside the altar of the old chapel; and she did his bidding always as willingly, though not as rapidly, as he could desire.

"But certainly Amelie's courage brought no calmness. She became pale; her pillow was often moistened by her tears; her music was neglected; she took no pleasure in the chase; and her chamois not receiving its usual attention, went off into the mountains. She avoided me—her friend! who would have died for her; she made no reply to my prayers, and did not heed my entreaties. One morning, when her eyes were fixed upon a book she did not read, and I sat at my embroidery a little apart, watching the tears stray over her cheek until I was blinded by my own, I heard monsieur's heavy tramp approaching through the long gallery; some boots creak—but the boots of monsieur!—they growled!

"'Save me, oh, save me!' she exclaimed, wildly. Before I could reply, her uncle dashed open the door, and stood before us like an embodied thunderbolt. He held an open letter in his hand—his eyes glared—his nostrils were distended—he trembled so with rage, that the cabinets and old china shook again.

"'Do you,' he said, 'know Charles le Maitre?'

"Amelie replied, 'She did.'

"'How did you make acquaintance with the son of my deadliest foe?'

"There was no answer. The question was repeated. Amelie said she had met him, and at last confessed it was in the ruined portion of the castle! She threw herself at her uncle's feet—she clung to his knees; love taught her eloquence. She told him how deeply Charles regretted the long standing feud; how earnest, and true, and good he was. Bending low, until her tresses were heaped upon the floor, she confessed, modestly, but firmly, that she loved this young man; that she would rather sacrifice the wealth of the whole world, than forget him.

"Monsieur seemed suffocating; he tore off his lace cravat, and scattered its fragments on the floor—still she clung to him. At last he flung her from him; he reproached her with the bread she had eaten, and heaped odium upon her mother's memory! But though Amelie's nature was tender and affectionate, the old spirit of the old race roused within her; the slight girl arose, and stood erect before the man of storms.

"'Did you think,' she said, 'because I bent to you, that I am feeble? because I bore with you, have I no thoughts? You gave food to this frame, but you fed not my heart; you gave me not love, nor tenderness, nor sympathy; you showed me to your friends, as you would your horse. If you had by kindness sown the seeds of love within my bosom; if you had been a father to me in tenderness, I would have been to you—a child. I never knew the time when I did not tremble at your footstep; but I will do so no more. I would gladly have loved you, trusted you, cherished you; but I feared to let you know I had a heart, lest you should tear and insult it. Oh, [illegible] blast the fair *time of youth*, and lay up for themselves an unhonored old age.' The scene terminated by monsieur's falling down in a fit, and Amelie's being conveyed, fainting, to her chamber.

"That night the castle was enveloped by storms; they came from all points of the compass—thunder, lightning, hail, and rain! The master lay in his stately bed and was troubled; he could hardly believe that Amelie spoke the words he had heard; cold-hearted and selfish as he was, he was also a clear-seeing man; and it was their truth that struck him. But still his heart was hardened; he had commanded Amelie to be locked into her chamber, and her lover seized and imprisoned when he came to his usual tryste. Monsieur, I have said, lay in his stately bed, the lightning, at intervals, illumining his dark chamber. I had cast myself on the floor outside her door, but could not hear her weep, though I knew that she was overcome of sorrow. As I sat, my head resting against the lintel of the door, a form passed through the solid oak from her chamber, without the bolts being withdrawn. I saw it as plainly as I see your faces now, under the influence of various emotions; nothing opened, but it passed through—a shadowy form, dark and vapory, but perfectly distinct. I knew it was 'La Femme Noir,' and I trembled, for she never came from caprice, but always for a purpose. I did not fear for Amelie, for 'La Femme Noir' never warred with the high-minded or virtuous. She passed slowly, more slowly than I am speaking, along the corridor, growing taller and taller as she went on, until she entered monsieur's chamber by the door exactly opposite where I stood. She paused at the foot of the plumed bed, and the lightning, no longer fitful, by its broad flashes kept up a continual illumination. She stood for some time perfectly motionless, though in a loud tone the master demanded whence she came, and what she wanted. At last, during a pause in the storm, she told him that all the power he possessed should not prevent the union of Amelie and Charles. I heard her voice myself; it sounded like the night-wind among fir trees—cold and shrill, chilling both ear and heart. I turned my eyes away while she spake, and when I looked again she was gone! The storm continued to increase in violence, and the master's rage kept pace with the war of elements. The servants were trembling with undefined terror; they feared they knew not what; the dogs added to their apprehension by howling fearfully, and then barking in the highest possible key; the master paced about his chamber, calling in vain on his domestics, stamping and swearing like a maniac. At last, amid flashes of lightning, he made his way to the head of the great staircase, and presently the clang of the alarm-bell mingled with the thunder and the roar of the mountain torrents; this hastened the servants to his presence, though they seemed hardly capable of understanding his words—he insisted on Charles being brought before him. We all trembled, for he was mad and livid with rage. The warden, in whose care the young man was, dared not enter the hall that echoed his loud words and heavy footsteps, for when he went to seek his prisoner, he found every bolt and bar withdrawn, and the iron door wide open; he was gone. Monsieur seemed to find relief by his energies being called into action; he ordered instant pursuit, and mounted his favorite charger, despite the storm, despite the fury of the elements. Although the great gates rocked, and the castle shook like an aspen-leaf, he set forth, his path illumined by the lightning; bold and brave as was his horse, he found it almost impossible to get it forward; he dug his spurs deep into the flanks of the noble animal, until the red blood mingled with the rain. At last, it rushed madly down the path to the bridge the young man must cross, and when they reached it, the master discerned the floating cloak of the pursued, a few yards in advance. Again the horse rebelled against his will, the lightning flashed in his eyes, and the torrent seemed a mass of red fire; no sound could be heard but of its roaring waters; the attendants clung, as they advanced, to the hand-rail of the bridge. The youth, unconscious of the *pursuit*, proceeded rapidly; and again roused, the horse plunged forward. On the instant, the form of 'La Femme Noir' passed with the blast that rushed down the ravine; the torrent followed in her track, and more than half the bridge was swept away forever. As the master reined back the horse he had so urged forward, he saw the youth kneeling with outstretched arms, on the opposite bank—kneeling in gratitude for his deliverance from his double peril. All were struck with the piety of the youth, and earnestly rejoiced at his deliverance; though they did not presume to say so, or look as if they thought it. I never saw so changed a person as the master when he re-entered the castle gate: his cheek was blanched—his eye quelled—his fierce plume hung broken over his shoulder—his step was unequal, and in the voice of a feeble girl he said—'Bring me a cup of wine.' I was his cupbearer, and for the first time in his life he thanked me graciously, and in the warmth of his gratitude tapped my shoulder; the caress nearly hurled me across the hall. What passed in his retiring-room, I know not. Some said the 'Femme Noir' visited him again; I cannot tell; I did not see her; I speak of what I saw, not of what I heard. The storm passed away with a clap of thunder, to which the former sounds were but as the rattling of pebbles beneath the swell of a summer wave. The next morning monsieur sent for the pasteur. The good man seemed terror-stricken as he entered the hall; but monsieur filled him a quart of gold coins out of a leathern bag, to repair his church, and that quickly; and grasping his hand as he departed, looked him steadily in the face. As he did so, large drops stood like beads upon his brow; his stern, coarse features were strangely moved while he gazed upon the calm, pale minister of peace and love. 'You,' he said, 'bid God bless the poorest peasant that passes you on the mountain; have you no blessing to give the master of Rohean?'

"'My son,' answered the good man, 'I give you the blessing I may give:—May God bless you, and may your heart be opened to give and to receive.'

"'I know I can give,' replied the proud man; 'but what can I receive?'

"'Love,' he replied. 'All your wealth has not brought you happiness, because you are unloving and unloved!'

"The demon returned to his brow, but it did not remain there.

"'You shall give me lessons in this thing,' he said; and so the good man went his way.

"Amelie continued a close prisoner; but a change came over monsieur. At first he shut himself up in his chamber, and no one was suffered to enter his presence; he took his food with his own hand from the only attendant who ventured to approach his door. He was heard walking up and down the room, day and night. When we were going to sleep, we heard his heavy tramp; at daybreak, there it was again; and those of the household, who awoke at intervals during the night, said it was unceasing.

"Monsieur could read. Ah, you may smile; but in those days, and in those mountains, such men as the master did not trouble themselves or others with knowledge; but the master of Rohean read both Latin and Greek, and commanded THE BOOK he had never opened [illegible] forthwith; and we saw his shadow from without, like the shadow of a giant, bending over THE BOOK; and he read in it for some days; and we greatly hoped it would soften and change his nature—and though I cannot say much for the softening, it certainly affected a great change; he no longer stalked moodily along the corridors, and banged the doors, and swore at the servants; he rather seemed possessed of a merry devil, roaring out an old song—

Aux bastions de Geneve, nos cannons
Sont braques;
S'il y a quelque attaque nous les ferons ronfler,
Vive les cannoniers!

and then he would pause, and clang his hands together like a pair of cymbals, and laugh. And once, as I was passing along, he pounced out upon me, and whirled me round in a waltz, roaring at me when he let me down, to practise *that* and break my embroidered frame. He formed a band of horns and trumpets, and insisted on the goatherds and shepherds sounding reveilles in the mountains, and the village children beating drums; his only idea of joy and happiness was noise. He set all the canton to work to mend the bridge, paying the workmen double wages; and he, who never entered a church before, would go to see how the laborers were getting on nearly every day. He talked and laughed a great deal to himself; and in his gayety of heart would set the mastiffs fighting, and make excursions from home—we knowing not where he went. At last, Amelie was summoned to his presence, and he shook her and shouted, then kissed her; and hoping she would be a good girl, told her he had provided a husband for her. Amelie wept and prayed; and the master capered and sung. At last she fainted; and taking advantage of her unconsciousness, he conveyed her to the chapel; and there beside the altar stood the bridegroom—no other than Charles le Maitre.

"They lived many happy years together; and when monsieur was in every respect a better, though still a strange man, 'the Femme Noir' appeared again to him—once. She did so with a placid air, on a summer night, with her arm extended towards the heavens.

"The next day the muffled bell told the valley that the stormy, proud old master of Rohean had ceased to live."

Selected Articles.

BYRON.—The celebrated German, Paul Goethe, in speaking of Lord Byron, makes the following remarks:—"I have often thought that Byron's high rank as an English Peer, was very much against him; for the external world is a thorn in the side of every man of talent, and much more so when that man is placed in a situation of high rank and influence. A certain middle condition is most favorable for the development of talent; and it is for this reason that we find by far the greatest number of artists and poets among the middle classes of society. Byron's native propensity to lose himself in the infinite would, in a lower rank of life, and with more moderate means, have been much less prejudicial to him. As it was, however, he was placed in a situation where he might hope to realize every fancy, however wild, and this entangled him in a thousand mazes. Being himself a member of the highest rank of society, there was none who could, in opposition to him, assume an attitude that might command his reverence or check his excesses. He spoke out freely whatever indignant feelings were fermenting in his proud mind, and thus brought himself into irreconcileable conflict with the world."

DUELLING.—In Japan, instead of fighting duels, the parties endeavor to show their valor *by committing suicide*. It is related that two officers of the emperor's household, meeting on the stairs, their sabres happened to tangle; words arose, one imputed it to accident, adding, that the quarrel was between two swords, and that one was as good as the other. "We shall see about that," replied the other, and instantly plunged his weapon into his own heart. The other, impatient to show his courage, ran up, and waited upon the emperor, returned, saying he was sorry to let the other get the start of him, and threw himself on his sword; thus proving that one sword was as good as another.

New Publications.

THE BOOK OF PEARLS.

We noticed this work some time ago, but long before again to call the attention of our readers to it at this festive season, as one of the most beautiful books which we have seen. The engravings are beautiful; while the literary contents are by Hood, Southey, Mrs. Hemans, Percy Cranwell, Miss Mulock, Mrs. Ogle, &c., &c. The following poem, which we take from its pages, is by Mr. G. H. Boker, the author of Calaynos. The Book of Pearls is for sale by *George S. Appleton, Arcade of Chestnut and Seventh Streets.*

SONG.

MY HEART'S A HOUSE.

I let beneath the sunbeams glow,
There pushes through the leaves a rose,
The mellow kisses warm my brow,
But all the world is not my house.

The sun, the sunshine round me blesses,
And longs to enter and partake,
But only to a few it opening tenth'—
I'm sick of life, I'm weary.

The mountain breeze with incense sweet,
Teasing in silver tone on free,
Hastening the sun in eternity,
But only the sacred is dreary
The trilling bird's clear note and,
There's music in the faint-voiced gale
That whispers to the lonely wanderer—
I'm sick of him, I'm weary.

The night lends forth her starry train,
The glittering hosts of heaven I see them,
There's not a shadow on the plain,
Yet all the scene is dreary;
The sunshine is a mockery,
The solemn moon shows sorrowfully
Alike to day or night to me—
I'm sick of life, I'm weary.

I know to scorn the world is fair,
For time doesn't waste on my day by day,
And shapes of beauty every where,
But all to me is dreary;
I know to me the sorrows lie
That blast my every hope and joy,
I cannot weep, I can't avoid them—
I'm sick of life, I'm weary.

Messrs. Wagner and Chudsey. *By Horace Mayhew. New York: Harper & Brothers.* This is a collection of sketches that have recently appeared in "Punch." The author gives us Model Women of all kinds—"The Model Sister," "The Model Mother," "The Model Daughter," &c., &c., illustrated by admirable wood cuts by R. G. Thorne. "The Model Mother" we published some time ago. We now give "The Model Sister" and "Uncle's Legacy." Both are capital sketches of feminine loveliness and cheerfulness, and are calculated to do much good. For sale by *Leonard & Hitchcock, Price.*

THE MODEL SISTER.

There is one in every home; the very worst brother that ever refused to take his sisters out walking, most excellent is Model Sister.

It was she who sneaked all his gloves, and used to practice waltzing with him in the drawing-room, and was ever "The Maid of Lodge" to, at most fifty times, before he caught the right air.

It was she who was the confidant of all his boyish loves, and wrote his first attempts at love letters, and curled his hair before he went out to be "very smart."

It was she who always ran and opened the door for him when it was raining, and fetched whatever was wanted out of his bed room, and always had "some silver" when he was going out, and was positive "she could spare it." These issues occurred pretty often, and 'pot did she ever allude to them, or get tired of lending? Brothers have short memories—not poor issues' it was a fact.

If "papa was angry at your being out so late," wasn't she in her night dress, and ready to ask you "how you could be so feeling?" Is she was fearful of a disturbance, didn't she wait outside to see that no harm befell you, and always her father's best, beg of him "not to speak so hard to you?" If one knew your head no throbbed, was she the cloth always laid for you in a private room, whilst, by some means, she got you a glass of wine, and roast in and out to see if there was anything you wanted? Again, if you had been "out" and complained of being hungry, didn't she steal down stairs, and, when they were all in bed, sang you a tune of cold meat into your room, and never forget the pickles? And if any harsh voice called at it loudly, "What's up stairs?" didn't she put her hand over your mouth, and call out, "It's only me, papa?"

Besides, who was it I was intended you? Who was it that brought you up your tea, and gave you your nutritious, and would tempt you with delicate dodge, eggs, and "such nice water-grout," and would set up with you all night, and bathe your temples, and kiss you, and be on her best if you only turned, and ask you a thousand times if you felt better, and how you got on? Dear Sister—why—words, you know, that never sound so touching as in a whisper, come. More than this, have you no recollection when you were very, very ill—waking up and finding her kneeling at your bedside? You have been down with all sorts of complaints—perhaps you were too weak at the time to say it. But was always kind—always young—a child with you, and never cross, or peevish, or wicked and wilful, or anything of the sort, for more than one in the whole year, to take her to the theatre. How grateful you have felt, too, to read to her of an evening, whilst she was working—knitting, probably, a beautiful steel purse, the destination of which was only learnt on your next birth day! You have not forgotten either her coming to see you at school, and bringing you long bags and of ginger-bread and oranges, and a plum-cake made with her own hands, and her tears, which you, heard in bed, round the play-ground, or through the neighboring fields, making you all the while chuckle, by her affectionate questions, your wonderful store of half year's learning, which seems immediately and admired by your mother and all? Was was it, too, that attended to your lame bird when you were a boy, when you were in your initial age, vibrating between mustard and cold beef, which is called the sea rat tail why) left brotherhood, and, when asked, insisted all alone, bothers, served stinging stings on to rations, lament your sister for to teach you the fit Scotch air of tying your neck handkerchief, treasured your hair, packed your box when you were going any where, and even accompanied you, taking courage from your own cowardice, to the circle? Was was that you found to be an expert you, and used to pull your sparring whiskers, and make you promise presents of hoops, and tops, and bring you books all the fine things she had learnt the young ladies up about her? Darling brother! Was ever tech such pains to make that "darling brother" smart, or admired him more, and danced only with him when we were young, were with any body else? And when there was "a little free gentleman" at home, and you were going to the play, earning your pride, which had been hurt by some local 'feud, or trying to cure your young man's gaunty that had been sadly wounded by a angry bow, who came to see you oftener, bring you sciences "a new thing just rather bad enough to pay for," and, by her kindness, gradually in you broken, where she knew well your habits was very waiting to receive you with open arms. Two were angry at the time with brother, he must lost your anger in the depths of your affection, and the quick joy of the reconciliation. Why did all this? You must remember it, you have had a childhood—your heart tells you it was you more! If not sensible, then, of all the love you was being daily favored with such sickness on you, you must read it now, and willingly back with interest, as your brother's heart, try to thank, as I am there, with a life's pent-up gratitude, that Model Sister.

Arthur's Home Magazine and Children's Friend. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur & Co. The author of this work has been long known as a conductor of thoughts and observations, designed to decimate Life, Man and The World To, as it is, in its relations; and, if any stranger, want what after the pattern of that famous work "La con." An appreciation of the author's style as to do of thought, we give the following, picked out almost at random:

Among our Time. In society, you must never, not for a sage, but, if it is gentle, and you feel to understand, that it is not long to be sad upon it.

Good Society. In good society, one meets with good fare, good company, good evening, good breeding—of how, and good companions.

Wealth and Merit. Among the ancient Greeks and Romans, in their best days, honor was more sought after than wealth. Now these are changed—*Now*, wealth is the most prosperity honor; acceptability is endangered by penalty. "Rome was Rome in the days when its senators were poor, and honor an article of trade, and when good conscience was more than gold. Now the senators are rich, and honor canal once secure only with difficulty.

Lessons in Elocution. *By William Scott Edinburgh by new enterprise, and by Leonard & Hitchcock, Philadelphia.*

Lectures on Elocution. *By Thomas Sheridan. Edinburgh: by Leonard & Hitchcock, Philadelphia.*

These two works are the best on the subject with which we are acquainted, and we cordially recommend them to the attention of all who wish to become proficient in the art of reading and speaking. The first is by a gentleman who has made the subject a study for many years, and who has been a favorite class in Europe as well as in America. Before twenty years, we expect to see communications opened between the Atlantic and Pacific at three or four places. Then speedily comes the day of our Millenial greatness.

FEMALE POETS OF AMERICA.

We have received from *Messrs. Carey & Hart*, Mr. Griswold's new work, announced some months ago, on the "Female Poets of America." The late hour at which we received it, precludes us saying more this week than that it is got up in similar style to the "Poets of America," forming a volume of about the same size. Those wishing to have a copy of the work can call at our office and buy it, to the joy of many.

Hooper's Dollar Magazine. The December number of this excellent work contains a great variety of engravings on wood—and among them a portrait of the Rev. Charles G. Somers, the incumbent of whom is also given. Of the literary contents, the most interesting matter to us is the address of the originally has more time to review books, &c., than most of his brethren. The following is interesting as a specimen of editorial trials, and the concluding sentiment will commend its publication to every subscriber's attention:

AUTHORS' TRIALS, &c.

Among the literary announcements of the month we find a notice of a new novel by Southey, the author of "Greyslaer." Two or three years since, a historical novel by the author was announced, called the "Red Spur of the Redcaps," but it has never appeared. The publication, recently, for distrust of the cause of its non-appearance. The cause was remarked o, and may be set down among the exhaustion of authors; but it was not unique, for we have heard of many similar disasters. Mr. Hoffman had written a considerable portion of his romance, he had taken unusual care in its composition, and was much pleased with it when he contracted with him for the copyright, and it was nearly completed; the public were talking about it, and all the romance readers were anxiously anticipating a treat in its perusal. The author, as he wrote it, grew more and more pleased with it, and reperfectly by the aids of his writing-table, to secure time from being lost. One day he happened to look into his literary sub-treasury, and to his astonishment and alarm, discovered that there were not more than half-a-dozen sheets of MS. in it. None but an author could judge of an author's feelings on such a discovery. We have been over four men of my profession who could have acted as the subject of the "Author's Progress" on that occasion, and as the great Novelist is reported to have done on a similar one.

Mr. Hoffman called to the chambermaid, who had been entrusted with the care of his room, and asked her:

"Mary, have you ever taken any papers from my table?"

"Sure, I have, sir," replied she, with innocent frankness.

"For what purpose have you taken them, Mary?" said the author.

"To sweep it, sir, before the ruined author, "do you know that you have done me an irreparable injury?"

"I'm sure I'm very sorry!" exclaimed Mary, "what's that? Sure, but I am very sorry, sir."

"And so am I," said the author; but he said nothing more.

Another very like this, befel Mr. Headley, while he was engaged in the composition of his "Sacred Mountains." He had written some half-a-dozen sheets when he was "flung" his room took it into her head one morning to clean his windows, during his absence, and swept a pile of papers in the yard—"all scribbled over," she took them for waipers, and kindled a fire with them in the stove of "Washington and his Generals," so that the author had to begin his work de novo again. As Mr. Headley is rather more irascible in his temper than Mr. Hoffman, it is not improbable that he and his Mary had some very different conversation from that which ensued between Mr. Hoffman and his manuscript destroyer. We have heard that some years ago, a bundle of valuable autographs destroyed by a housemaid, who mistook them for waste, and since then we have not allowed any of Eve's daughters the privilege of rummaging among our precious papers; and we would advise all authors to keep servants and children out of their studies, or writing-rooms.

As Mr. Hoffman is no longer editor of the Literary World, we feel ourselves relieved from all the writing of romances, which must be a most congenial employment to him than the obscure drudgery of editing a weekly paper. The sympathy of readers seem to think that nothing can be done by editors but to write books, and not of all the different employments by which men make their bread, is the most irksome. We could believe, that no taxes the mind, keeps the mind, and feed on that of editing a paper. There is none that requires a more varied range of judgment, a more constant application, a quicker wit, or a kinder heart. Editors can flatter, and be severe, and be an editor nor a narrow minded man, nor an ignorant one, and yet the status of the intelligence of the Chamber on the 31st of November, a resolution to the Pope was ordered to be prepared.

In France the contest for the Presidency between Cavaignac and Louis Napoleon seems to be very close, and will, in our country, n's majority of 1851 to 1.

"The cannot last long; very many of the rich Orleanists will vote for Napoleon, through fear. The honores is already procurations, depending upon the result of the election, and they will not, we believe, a yearly product of nearly half a million.

And yet the expense of working a mine is very great, and perhaps so many persons have been killed by the falling in of the roof, that it is nearly annual the gold mines in South America, generally, are not worked with the same energy as in California. The inhabitants are a squalid and miserable race, and have no idea of the value of the gold which they collect. Whereupon the Colonial works has an interest. Whereupon the Colonial works has an interest. Whereupon the Colonial works has an interest

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1852.

ETHERIZATION IN CHILD-BIRTH.

A work with the above title has recently been published by Walter Channing, M. D., Professor of Midwifery and Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Cambridge. The New York Tribune gives an interesting summary of its contents. If the learned lecturer is correct in his facts and assertions, one of the greatest blessings to women that it is possible to conceive, has dawned upon the world. That he is correct, we are disposed to believe, from the fact that we know of two instances in this city, where ether was administered, with the happiest results. But to the Tribune's summary:

The book on Etherization in Child-birth, lately published by Dr. Walter Channing, physician to be widely read by the Medical Profession, and by parents. It is illustrated by more than *four hundred cases*, enabling every reader to judge of the RAPIDITY and EXPEDIENCY of employing this wonderful pain-subduing agent. It is not a mere condense some of the facts and conclusions stated in the article, whose long and recent experience in this special branch of professional duty entitles him to the respectful consideration of mankind.

1. SAFETY.—This is the great point to be established; let to hear what Dr. Channing has to offer in proof.

"In 616 cases of Natural Labor, embracing all varieties of presentation, and including 15 Twin cases, accomplished during etherization, we have not a case to unfold which can show within no one—pp. 309, 320.

In 21 cases of Instrumental, Preternatural and Complicated Labor, in which etherization was used, there were only 3 cases that can offer any conclusions on grave by cause and symptoms not to affect little reason to lose the confidence in *chloroform* or *etherization*;

in such extreme cases, may be understood from the following comparisons:

1. Result to Still-Births.—In 18 cases, where etherization was used, there were born 13 still-births, or 84 47-100 per cent. In 31 cases where etherization was not used, there were born 17 still-births, or 57 57-100 per cent. Balance in favor of etherization, 27 10 100 per cent.

2. In Deaths of Mothers.—In 18 cases without etherization, 13 were fatal, or 83 3-100 per cent. Of 31 labors used etherization, 2 were fatal, or 7 85-100 per cent. Balance in favor of etherization, 75 18 100 per cent.

But may not etherization injure children born under its influence? How Dr. Channing replies:

"I have not met with a single instance of either mental or physical peculiarity in children, thus born, that may fairly equal to those born in the usual manner, to those who have been in the midst of the most severe pains. Of the 616 cases, all but 24 remained awake, and all injurious agency on children born during etherization, must be due to the influence of vapor of anesthetics, or to the pains that children born during etherization are much more severely child-birth, and they continue to be perfectly well."—pp. 157, 158.

In further corroboration of the entire safety of etherization and its quiets the mother and child:

"The success of etherization is moderately late, but is certainly equal, giving Congress to be liable in favor of a reduction of the Tariff.

On motion of Mr. King, the Senate proceeded to the election of Standing Committees.

No change in the Chairmen of those Committees, save that the Chairmanship of the Committee on Public Lands, Mr. Lewis, of Alabama. With two or three trifling changes, the Committees remain the same as last session.

Mr. Dix called up the Post and Harbor Bill as just reported.

On motion, the bill was referred to the Committee on Commerce.

On the 12th, a petition was presented by Mr. Seaton, from a Convention of the people of New Jersey, in favor of the passage of the same law, that the institution of slavery may not be established in the territories, and that no more slaves may be passed by Congress. In presenting the petition, Mr. Seaton stated that he considered the petition reasonable and proper in every respect, and that it ought to be granted.

Mr. Walker concluded a feeling tribute to the memory of the late Vice President, by moving the customary resolutions.

Mr. Bates offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury to inform the House with statements showing the amount of coal imported under the Tariff Act of 1842 and that of 1846, and the amount of duties received under each of those Acts.

On the 13th, the Speaker laid before the House the following message from the President, in accordance with the following:

To the House of Representatives:

Being entitled to the floor, Mr. Robinson addressed the House at length. He said that the question of slavery, so far as it regarded the new territories, was one which the Democratic party, at this particular time, should not interfere with. It could not be definitely settled by the present Congress, and should be left to the next Congress and to the next Administration to be disposed of. He was opposed to the Wilmot Proviso question—that he was the owner of slaves, and could not be driven from the possession of his property. He was opposed to the propagation of abolitionism and interest to vote against any measure that he believed, or had reason to believe to the Presidency, and in case it passed both Houses of Congress, or of the North, and Mr. Seaton, Taylor was represented as being the opposite part of the extension of the slavery, and standing ready to support any measure calculated to arrest what he considered to be an evil. He was for the Union at the expense of his life, if necessary, he urged.

After some further remarks, the motion to reconsider was laid on the table, by a vote of 106 to 74.

Mr. Giddings asked leave to introduce a bill, giving to the people of the District of Columbia the privilege of expressing their sentiments on the subject of slavery in said district.

Mr. Jones objected, and the bill ordered not a lie.

Messrs. Jacob Thompson and Tompkins each interrogated Mr. Giddings as to the exact phraseology and application of the bill.

Mr. Giddings replied that the bill had for object to include blacks in "the people of the District of Columbia," and to allow them to have a right to interfere in color.

Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, moved to lay the bill on the table. Agreed to—yeas 105, nays 77.

Mr. Vinton submitted a resolution referring the President's Annual Message to appropriate committees. Referred to the Committee of the Whole.

Clippings.

On time a sweet, white rose grew,
With spotless leaves all fair and pure;
Its fragrance filled the balmy air,
It rose we have found them.

Of all the letters which we do not know what may happen to us, to have the world that can happen, and hence it is that uncertainty is so terrible to us, and often seek to be rid of it at the hazard of certain mischief.

Of a French lobster, having failed in several attempts to capture an oyster by closing its shell, exclaimed, "Sacre Bleu! I have caught a cold!"

An opportunity, when the oyster opened again, to throw a pebble between the gaping shells, then closed upon it and held it fast.

The waters of Lake Huron are so pure that they will not boil over the hottest fire. Steamboats have enforce precisely the same temperature; the fire is kept up to the boiling point, and matter is suspended to avoid or sustain the heat.

A fete in Birmingham are now engaged in manufacturing sugar loaves for the Queen's wedding, of the same shape as those used by the Duke of Wellington, but by ton. What a comment for the jealous, and grievous to the oppressed!

Horse-sick.—If a hospital entrance was to set up business by the side of a city, why should it be long to meet a foreign price? Because he is going to farm cost.

There is an Aberdeen, Scotland, a street one mile long and one hundred feet wide, the entire length of which is kept by the owners free from snow.

A writer in the Medical Times says he has ascertained, from careful inquiry, that the cholera is not contagious, and that the disease is only spread by the spread of its exciting cause.

The Jews, both here and in Europe, are very much alarmed at the decree of the Sultan of Turkey to compel all the forbidding of the temples of Jerusalem—persons to their effect having been driven from them by the Turkish Government.

Lord Hardy, who exercised a part of Celebration, and that portion of southern Mexico bordering on newly acquired empire of El Dorado, state that he regards gives promise of more riches than that often a productive mine was good for nothing, except to the mine, the world rejoices, had to work it.

A young lady went to a fortune teller, a negro, in Cincinnati, to have her fortune told, when he looked her in the face and then perpetrated a flash of violence on her person.

"Well, John, I am going west, and what shall I bring you?" "Why, master, bringing; only be sure they say anything about whiskers, just tell them I've got none."

Macclesfield, the celebrated waiter, accompanied the barrister, Sergeant Talfourd, to the late memorials without resting, at the Broadway Coffee, This is the greatest number ever thrown anywhere. The Sergeant bought of each specimen, and sent two last from the ground, clear.

A lollipop man's in deception. All goods warranted to be what they are said to.

Why is a man who has the investment of four third Party and Native men. After an investment of 1 Tobias & Co. 3, Sargent, Sargent & Brothers, 6 & Tyson & Co., John Hartford, G. & L. Summery, and other supreme Penal Letter Movements which will be found at the establishment.

Strangulation have been made with all the sports celebrated makers, the best manufacturers of Lever Watch, for which orders will be filled for sale at the establishment of the undersigned.

No. 97 North SECOND Street,
Importer of Watch es

Bank Note List.

Since our last week, with the exception of Bank of Virginia and branches, (Va.) 5 discount Farmers' Bank and branches, (Va.) 5 discount.
All solvent Banks, (Ohio,) 1 discount.
All solvent Banks, Kentucky, 1 discount.
Since Bank, (Indiana,) 1 discount.
All solvent Banks, (Missouri,) 1 discount.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 11th, Mr. Cameron presented a resolution from the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in favor of a reduction of the Tariff.

On motion of King, the Senate proceeded to the election of Standing Committees.

No change in the Chairmen of those Committees, save that the Chairmanship of the Committee on Public Lands, Mr. Lewis, of Alabama. With two or three trifling changes, the Committees remain the same as last session.

Mr. Dix called up the Post and Harbor Bill as just reported.

On motion, the bill was referred to the Committee on Commerce.

On the 12th, a petition was presented by Mr. Seaton, from a Convention of the people of New Jersey, in favor of the passage of the same law, that the institution of slavery may not be established in the territories, and that no more slaves may be passed by Congress. In presenting the petition, Mr. Seaton stated that he considered the petition reasonable and proper in every respect, and that it ought to be granted.

Mr. Walker concluded a feeling tribute to the memory of the late Vice President, by moving the customary resolutions.

Mr. Bates offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury to inform the House with statements showing the amount of coal imported under the Tariff Act of 1842 and that of 1846, and the amount of duties received under each of those Acts.

On the 13th, the Speaker laid before the House the following message from the President, in accordance with the following:

To the House of Representatives:

Being entitled to the floor, Mr. Robinson addressed the House at length. He said that the question of slavery, so far as it regarded the new territories, was one which the Democratic party, at this particular time, should not interfere with. It could not be definitely settled by the present Congress, and should be left to the next Congress and to the next Administration to be disposed of. He was opposed to the propagation of abolitionism and interest to vote against any measure calculated to arrest what he considered to be an evil. He was for the Union at the expense of his life, if necessary, he urged.

After some further remarks, the motion to reconsider was laid on the table, by a vote of 106 to 74.

Mr. Giddings asked leave to introduce a bill, giving to the people of the District of Columbia the privilege of expressing their sentiments on the subject of slavery in said district.

Mr. Jones objected, and the bill ordered not a lie.

Messrs. Jacob Thompson and Tompkins each interrogated Mr. Giddings as to the exact phraseology and application of the bill.

Mr. Giddings replied that the bill had for object to include blacks in "the people of the District of Columbia," and to allow them to have a right to interfere in color.

Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, moved to lay the bill on the table. Agreed to—yeas 105, nays 77.

Mr. Vinton submitted a resolution referring the President's Annual Message to appropriate committees. Referred to the Committee of the Whole.

Married,

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Thomas L. Janvier, Mr. Harry Thompson to Miss Josephine Josephine Janvier, daughter of Jesse Janvier, Esq.

On the 16th inst at the White Hall House, No. 265 North Second street, by the Rev. A. J. Morse, Mr. Wm A. Hoover, of Chester county, Pa. to Anna Eliza, daughter of Mr. Jacob Hoover.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Thomas Taylor, to Harriet C. Howell, both of Philadelphia.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Kempton, Dr. Wm. Hall, to Miss Mary Ann Hall, both of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Thomas Taylor, to Harriet C. Howell, both of Philadelphia

Selected Poetry.

THE PARTING WORD.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

I must leave them, by sweet!
Month after month beside her must,
Watch her, that smile we never ignored
Assist to know their mother best;
See the shining day grow dark,
Hear shut and my shoulder lark;
Through the noon, oh, lady noon,
Read my lover's parting tune.

When the first and one shall set,
Then mark near thy locks of jet;
If see the dawning star shall rise,
Then clasp wake with weeping eyes;
If like the sacred one pass [ye,
Thy a more earnest must be an-we,
Forgive me and the wide deep pro-
Dear those eyes, and speak thy last.

All the fear in great work
Then clock until a midnight clock;
Is the last month's second half
Then shall once attempt to laugh;
Then in Pentecost thou shalt sly,
Brighter gathering round the lip;
Tell at last is morrow's spire,
Parent smiles have bright circle!

While the first seven mornings last,
Rolled in thy slumber bed,
Hurry a youth that flows and pant,
Bring the girl, she's there and
While the second week goes round,
Yours shall they ring and pretend;
When the third week shall begin,
" Marine, to the overture to "

Now once more the fattering throng
Round thee dock with noise and song,
But my lips unbreathed are still,
Lop. "Oh, how can I forget?"
Now and then a sweet thought
Tongs for saying joy is silence—
Love was shaped, and fathers loved—
Now, oh, how can you resist?

Fear, be careful of your fate,
Trust it not to truth or love!
Love has fled a pirate's end
Often with its perfumed gear—
Mind your "brother" most of all,
Pray for those whom "sisters fail!
Hearts of class entrance trip,
As the opera from hand to lip!

Trust not such as talk in tropes,
Full of jewels, rings and capes,
All the lumpy the Roman bears
Scarcely cover rotten corpses;
Now-the-friend was open on face,
Never spoke sweet tales to you,
Would not hold the lowers true
That would easily swing for you.

Parents name shall stems and swear
Seeing lovers in black despair;
Others murmur with a sigh,
"I so must melt or they will die;
Parent's words are empty lies,
Grabs with wings like butterflies;
Let them sit and whisper on,
They what better stand they do?

Parents may—I curse them
From the heart love's heroine true,
Keep, O keep that in-friend near
From the trend of vulgar feet;
If the time has of the sea,
Let me hear the
Let not time forget the vow
You have said true of a Love, as now!

The Chinese Empire

FROM A FRENCH TRAVELLER IN CHINA.

[From one of the numbers of the "China Mail," (published at Hong Kong, in China,) which we have received, we extract the following notice, being, as the "Mail" states, the latest news from France by the overland route, whose original insertion was to extend the series to fourteen or fifteen, concluding the sale of the oil extensions and experience in the interior of China; but this purpose was frustrated by the re-portion of the writer, who remained there, on the ground that the "Chinese Empire embraced more in quan and with what appeared in the "Mail." It might perhaps be difficult to determine those Mandarins who were not lately permitted to penetrate into the interior, if it were known that their observations were confirmed to the public press.]

Every one knows the meaning of the words by which the Chinese usually designate their country. "Chung kwoh," the Central Kingdom, sometimes elegant speakers express themselves more pompously, and say "Chung kwo-kwoh," the Central Flowery Kingdom. It is the prevalent opinion of the Chinese that their empire is the centre of the earth; and you may remember that the first Jesuits, who established themselves at Pekin, found the idea so universal that it was dangerous to oppose it, and they therefore prepared a map of the world as now arranged that China appeared to the centre of the earth, to the great satisfaction of those who examined it. For some time this ridiculous notion has been going out of fashion among the scholars of a certain rank. But the people, as generous creatures removed from the seacoast, retain the old idea that there is but one existence, strictly speaking, and that is the world, and that, of course, is the Celestial Empire. They are acquainted with some of the kingdoms bordering on China, but look down on these with contempt, as small semi-barbarian States, which have been fortunate enough to the Central Empire for the privilege of being warmed by the same sun.

In proportion as one goes up the stream of time on we find the knowledge of the Chinese respecting foreign countries appearing more and more imperfect. Their most ancient books, however, speak of men of the west, and especially one sentiment passages in which great wisdom and sanctity are attributed to them. But this was a vague notion, attached to the idea for a long time to Europe regarding the extreme east. Now, however, the state of things is very much changed, for what is Europe does but know something of the Chinese, and who in China has not heard of Americans? Their name, especially since the war with the Egyptian, has been no very fabulous, and the reports of their exploits transpired through the very heart of the empire.

Yes, the name of the European is well known at the moment by every Chinese: much what I say, the name of European. The name is as well known as that of the Emperor; but the thing itself is yet involved in obscurity with the majority of the people. I have tried to restore to the Europeans the most ridiculous accounts, unless you prefer to call them the most singular facts. Others declare that Europeans have two heads, one on the nape like the Chinese, and the other in the stomach. It is a further affirmed—and the opinion is much more generally held—that the eyes of Europeans can penetrate through to the depth of three feet, and mean the bottom of the sea and effects. I have heard the following statement most gravely asserted: The Europeans have written to our Emperor to beg him to allow them to enter into their country, but our Emperor was too wise to grant their requests. How at this? Because, if the Europeans should enter into our country, their eyes would soon put out for into the bowels of the earth, would very soon discover the gold, silver, and other metals which are among the sources of the wealth of our soil, and this in a few years they would depart of all our treasures. It is an perfectly exact that such particulars are in the world of ordinary, in which we are apt to that they have a hearing more extensive than you would believe at first. Every one knows that rats are excessive mischiefs, put in motion at times by various influences. The rose singular pig-disease flying up within a few head just as the hairs grow without and time are alive is able to rent out either. A native yet in its infancy almost as much as a native of some with facility; other such as do not allow of exclusion, and others that are not. Now perhaps too little importance is attached, are almost every were followed by melancholy results. Such is the case in China. There is not about a man will two heads. The fact, therefore, that the contemporary has manufactured the absurdity, another slanders with interest, for he believes what he hears. No less absurd such a union has ever as possible, long that they penetrate with a single glance the soil they tread, see or comprehend, hear and expressed for the consumption that may be lost from the electropaste and lots of gold possessed by the people. Such, in short, and not quite that grand, would lend rising with them, tending to the formation of the Institutional almost consistent, a secret sentence, would, straightened by contact with men endowed with the same faculties, would become big degenerate into natural hatred, that hatred in turn transformed into systematic oppression or national antipathy.

"There has been much bad faith in those who have cried out against the Europeans, and in speculating for their own advantage upon the blind prejudices of the people. Unhappily they have, however, but partially succeeded in their perfidious designs. The people of the interior do not entertain that fear for the foreigners with which it has been attempted to impress them. But it must be acknowledged that they are somewhat afraid of the superior intelligence which repel gives to the Europeans. The merchants fear the monopoly which the immense means of foreigners would enable them to secure to many articles; the fanatics that espousing, inevitable conquest, dread lest the presence of Europeans should introduce into the unseen principles of justice and liberty which would render their oppressions impossible; and, at the same time, people are under the influence of the thousand and one calumnies circulated against Europeans, and which are at once ridiculous and absurd. The good news has not yet seen those seas from the West who make such a stir in the world, and whenever their reception in the Celestial Empire is announced, the first feeling is one more in fact that of aversion, but of a lively and ardent curiosity.

The famous Liu, formerly Governor-General of Canton, has caused to be compiled several treatises and papers, in order to form from them a history of the men, of the wars, and of Europe. This work, written in an elegant style, is not an account, but a history of recent occurrences in Europe, as a garbled and erroneous account of the various revolutions which have agitated the old world. The book has done much harm, and perhaps will do more; for as its author is the chief of the Government, his word is an oracle to them, and his writings are read with avidity as a revered depository of infallible truths. The scholars-and declaimers of Canton find in this book the weapons of which against the foreigners, wishing themselves of its perversions of facts to excite and misdirect the people. Its direct influence over them, however, is passing away; but like many others almost unnoticed, Liu's compilation is now only alive only by obscure scholars and partisans of the author. On its appearance, all had expected to find in it details regarding the times, the manners, and sciences of the Europeans; and much disappointment was felt when they found only a rather an incomplete and prejudiced sketch of western politics than a faithful and intelligible picture of all the nations of Europe, and also of Asiatic, of these distant countries. The Chinese do not make much difference, and that they are curious, very curious, in regard to new ideas upon the arts and history of other nations. A work on such subjects would have immense success in the interior, because, it must be understood, in those cities where the elegant and polished people, they admire the ingenious processes of the Europeans, the brilliant performances of their artists, and also the perfection of their workmanship.

A work of this nature has yet to appear, and it would be a difficult undertaking. The Chinese are thoroughly acquainted with no European people, and I do not know if any single European who can write correctly or altogether intelligibly in Chinese. The ideas of the two peoples are so different, their education based upon principles so opposite, their language has a genius so peculiar, their sentiments, their systems are so in consistent and clashing at every step, that it is hard, in the present state of affairs, to see Europe can be explained in China. I have been about two years in the country, and during their isolation from the rest of the world, and of the ignorance which is the consequence of it is impossible they say that all knowledge should be confined to one people; it would, therefore, be useful to establish more intimate relations with other nations, and to profit by their wisdom." But it is a principle of Government, sanctioned by law, and confirmed by usage among almost all the Asiatic nations of Upper Asia, to regard by injurious intelligence.

Second: It is asserted that the phases of the moon, or in other words, the relative position of the sun and moon, in regard in the earth, is the cause of these changes.

Now it is evidently necessary to settle the first question, before we can proceed to answer the second, for if it should so happen that the two statements point to be identical in fact, the second fails to the ground.

The first is asserted that at the epochs of the new moon, and at the quarters, there is a generally a change of weather. This is a mere statement of alleged fact.

Second: It is asserted that the phases of the moon, or in other words, the relative position of the sun and moon, in regard in the earth, is the cause of these changes.

Now it is evidently necessary to settle the first question, before we can proceed to answer the second, for if it should so happen that the two statements point to be identical in fact, the second fails to the ground.

First, then, has been done. We can imagine, placed on two parallel columns, in juxtaposition, the series of epochs of the new and full moon, and the quarters, and the series of observations throughout Europe, a register of the weather in all respects has been kept for a long period of time. Then the height of the barometer, the condition of the thermometer, the hygrometer and the rain-gauge; the force and character of the clouds, the times, of the falling of rain, hail and snow, and, in short, every particular regarding the weather has been duly registered, from day to day, and from year to year.

The period of the lunar phases, it is needless to say, has also been registered, and it is, therefore, possible to compare periods of time with periods of time with the other.

This, we say, has been done. We can imagine, placed on two parallel columns, in juxtaposition, the series of epochs of the new and full moon, and the quarters, and the series of observations throughout Europe, a register of the weather in all respects has been kept for a long period of time. Then the height of the barometer, the condition of the thermometer, the hygrometer and the rain-gauge; the force and character of the clouds, the times, of the falling of rain, hail and snow, and, in short, every particular regarding the weather has been duly registered, from day to day, and from year to year.

The period of the lunar phases, it is needless to say, has also been registered, and it is, therefore, possible to compare periods of time with periods of time with the other.

Now, if the first statement be true, that at the commencement of the year 1841 a placard of the moon was posted at all the gates of the city, through which I passed several times, announcing the fact, and the writers in full official style,—"I, the Sun of heaven, speak thus. If the barbarians of the West do not send me word that their country is in a bad state, I will not send them to their senses. I will repair to the Western Ocean, examine it. For many years men, the women, the children, the horses, the oxen, the sheep, the pigs, the cats, and the fowls, I, the Sun of Heaven, on such a day have made known to them my supreme will." Now, this is a ridiculous if such celestial communication is necessary to promise, that in the case of a Chinese there exists a sort of relationship, or better perhaps, a friendly connection between our species and the six animals above named. The tradition which is found in the first book put into the hands of children in every school—

Who in Europe would have suspected such an affinity? In China, however, it seems that it did not so astound with the idea that they were forty-five feet above the level of the sea, and that the Europeans had not been born with tails. Besides, though happily such people are the minority.

England is, without contradiction, the best known and most feared of all the European nations. The Chinese are aware that the Russians, the French, the Americans, and the Europeans, do not think they can do exactly what they please between the Spaniards and the Portuguese. The Dutch, who came to China before the English, are unknown, or even English are yet more known than their predecessors. I never heard them spoken of. In some provinces, and generally wherever there are Christians they know that there is a country called Italy. But all these ideas are vague and obscure, and as yet confined to a few individuals.

The war with England has deprived me of the to execute every kind of news with eager ness, but without any effect, and could not get any feeling of anger. Thus, nothing is more frequent than to hear it said,—"Does the English Government, then, not know that we are distributed before them? Let them cross the ocean, and come greatly interest in the matter." Are proposed to them, nevertheless, that the Europeans wish to make a conquest of China, and are anxious to reign at Pekin as the Tartar Emperors do.

I have fancied I could guess at the cause of the solicitude of the Chinese for by the better classes of the Chinese. The Tartars, after having made themselves masters of China, in the seventeenth century, then succeeded in vanquished. From that period dates the universal enemies among the men of science, and among the females the straight practice of contracting the feet, then to such an extent as to render walking very difficult, and even painful. Many Chinese assure me that if the Europeans were to take possession of the country they would oblige the whole nation to adopt the dress of their new masters. Now they would be very willing to submit to any law which has been represented to them as very convenient and even at times elegant, but on grounds as the nation cannot tolerate the duration of the Tartars, it would be very indifferent to any change of dynasty, for an exchange of stranger for stranger, one master for another masters. After, what is the matter to Tartars or Europeans? This will perhaps astonish you, because you doubtless are fancy that the Chinese that entertain more than two perhaps too little importance is attached, are almost every were followed by melancholy results. Such is the case in China. There is not about a man will two heads. The fact, therefore, that the contemporary has manufactured the absurdity, another slanders with interest, for he believes what he hears. No less absurd such a union has ever as possible, long that they penetrate with a single glance the soil they tread, see or comprehend, hear and expressed for the consumption that may be lost from the electropaste and lots of gold possessed by the people. Such, in short, and not quite that grand, would lend rising with them, tending to the formation of the Institutional almost consistent, a secret sentence, would, straightened by contact with men endowed with the same faculties, would become big degenerate into natural hatred, that hatred in turn transformed into systematic oppression or national antipathy.

"There has been much bad faith in those who have cried out against the Europeans, and in speculating for their own advantage upon the blind prejudices of the people. Unhappily they have, however, but partially succeeded in their perfidious designs. The people of the interior do not entertain that fear for the foreigners with which it has been attempted to impress them. But it must be acknowledged that they are somewhat afraid of the superior intelligence which repel gives to the Europeans. The merchants fear the monopoly which the immense means of foreigners would enable them to secure to many articles; the fanatics that espousing, inevitable conquest, dread lest the presence of Europeans should introduce into the unseen principles of justice and liberty

Selected Articles.

DOES THE MOON INFLUENCE THE WEATHER?

Among the many influences which the moon is supposed, by the world in general, to exercise upon our globe, one of those which have been most universally believed, in all ages and in all countries, is that which it is presumed to have upon the weather and changes of season. Although the particular details of this influence have varied somewhat in the opinions of every general principle, or rule, which prevails with the world in general is, that a change of weather takes place at the time of the epochs of new and full moon; that is to say, if the weather be previously fair it will become foul, and if foul will become fair. Similar changes are also, sometimes, though not so confidently asked for, at the epochs of the quarters.

A question of this kind may be regarded either as a question of science or a question of fact.

If it be regarded as a question of science, we are called upon to explain how and by what property of matter, or what law of Nature or Attraction the moon, at a distance of a quarter of a million of miles, combining its effects with the sun, at four hundred times that distance, can produce those alleged changes? To this it may be readily answered that no known law or principle has hitherto been adduced to any such phenomena. The moon and sun exert, doubtless, affect the ocean of the ocean of water—producing effects analogous to tides; but when the quantity of such an effect is examined, it proved to be quite inappreciable, and such as could by no means account for the meteorological changes here adverted to.

But in conducting investigations of this kind, it is proved altogether in the wrong end when we commence by collecting cases in favor of the supposed phenomena. That method of conducting physical inquiries, which was established by Bacon, is the opposite of that which has led to such an immense extension of the sciences of the present day. Especially requires that before we begin to seek for the causes of any phenomena, we must first ascertain the possibility of doubt. The reality of these phenomena, and ascertain, in the case of inquiries, the exact circumstances attending them. In other words, we are required to consider all inquiries of the kind which are referred to as mere questions of fact, before we take them as questions of science.

Now, what do we see, in this present question? It is asserted that the moon produces such an influence on the weather as to cause it to change to be new and full moon, and at the quarters. But in this mode of stating the question, there are implicitly asserted two very distinct points, one of which is a complete matter of fact, and the other a point of physical science.

First. It is asserted that at the epochs of a new and full moon, and at the quarters, there is a generally a change of weather. This is a mere statement of alleged fact.

Second: It is asserted that the phases of the moon, or in other words, the relative position of the sun and moon, in regard in the earth, is the cause of these changes.

Now it is evidently necessary to settle the first question, before we can proceed to answer the second, for if it should so happen that the two statements point to be identical in fact, the second fails to the ground.

First, then, has been done. We can imagine, placed on two parallel columns, in juxtaposition, the series of epochs of the new and full moon, and the quarters, and the series of observations throughout Europe, a register of the weather in all respects has been kept for a long period of time. Then the height of the barometer, the condition of the thermometer, the hygrometer and the rain-gauge; the force and character of the clouds, the times, of the falling of rain, hail and snow, and, in short, every particular regarding the weather has been duly registered, from day to day, and from year to year.

The period of the lunar phases, it is needless to say, has also been registered, and it is, therefore, possible to compare periods of time with periods of time with the other.

Now, if the first statement be true, that at the commencement of the year 1841 a placard of the moon was posted at all the gates of the city, through which I passed several times, announcing the fact, and the writers in full official style,—"I, the Sun of heaven, speak thus. If the barbarians of the West do not send me word that their country is in a bad state, I will not send them to their senses. I will repair to the Western Ocean, examine it. For many years men, the women, the children, the horses, the oxen, the sheep, the pigs, the cats, and the fowls, I, the Sun of Heaven, on such a day have made known to them my supreme will." Now, this is a ridiculous if such celestial communication is necessary to promise, that in the case of a Chinese there exists a sort of relationship, or better perhaps, a friendly connection between our species and the six animals above named. The tradition which is found in the first book put into the hands of children in every school—

Who in Europe would have suspected such an affinity? In China, however, it seems that it did not so astound with the idea that they were forty-five feet above the level of the sea, and that the Europeans had not been born with tails. Besides, though happily such people are the minority.

England is, without contradiction, the best known and most feared of all the European nations. The Chinese are aware that the Russians, the French, the Americans, and the Europeans, do not think they can do exactly what they please between the Spaniards and the Portuguese. The Dutch, who came to China before the English, are unknown, or even English are yet more known than their predecessors. I never heard them spoken of. In some provinces, and generally wherever there are Christians they know that there is a country called Italy. But all these ideas are vague and obscure, and as yet confined to a few individuals.

The war with England has deprived me of the to execute every kind of news with eager ness, but without any effect, and could not get any feeling of anger. Thus, nothing is more frequent than to hear it said,—"Does the English Government, then, not know that we are distributed before them? Let them cross the ocean, and come greatly interest in the matter." Are proposed to them, nevertheless, that the Europeans wish to make a conquest of China, and are anxious to reign at Pekin as the Tartar Emperors do.

I have fancied I could guess at the cause of the solicitude of the Chinese for by the better classes of the Chinese. The Tartars, after having made themselves masters of China, in the seventeenth century, then succeeded in vanquished. From that period dates the universal enemies among the men of science, and among the females the straight practice of contracting the feet, then to such an extent as to render walking very difficult, and even painful. Many Chinese assure me that if the Europeans were to take possession of the country they would oblige the whole nation to adopt the dress of their new masters. Now they would be very willing to submit to any law which has been represented to them as very convenient and even at times elegant, but on grounds as the nation cannot tolerate the duration of the Tartars, it would be very indifferent to any change of dynasty, for an exchange of stranger for stranger, one master for another masters. After, what is the matter to Tartars or Europeans? This will perhaps astonish you, because you doubtless are fancy that the Chinese that entertain more than two perhaps too little importance is attached, are almost every were followed by melancholy results. Such is the case in China. There is not about a man will two heads. The fact, therefore, that the contemporary has manufactured the absurdity, another slanders with interest, for he believes what he hears. No less absurd such a union has ever as possible, long that they penetrate with a single glance the soil they tread, see or comprehend, hear and expressed for the consumption that may be lost from the electropaste and lots of gold possessed by the people. Such, in short, and not quite that grand, would lend rising with them, tending to the formation of the Institutional almost consistent, a secret sentence, would, straightened by contact with men endowed with the same faculties, would become big degenerate into natural hatred, that hatred in turn transformed into systematic oppression or national antipathy.

"There has been much bad faith in those who have cried out against the Europeans, and in speculating for their own advantage upon the blind prejudices of the people. Unhappily they have, however, but partially succeeded in their perfidious designs. The people of the interior do not entertain that fear for the foreigners with which it has been attempted to impress them. But it must be acknowledged that they are somewhat afraid of the superior intelligence which repel gives to the Europeans. The merchants fear the monopoly which the immense means of foreigners would enable them to secure to many articles; the fanatics that espousing, inevitable conquest, dread lest the presence of Europeans should introduce into the unseen principles of justice and liberty

[to be continued.]

Our Picture Gallery.

HONG KONG.

We give above, a view of the city of Hong Kong, a city rendered famous by being conquered and annexed to the British possessions in the East, at the close of the late war, between Great Britain and the Celestial Empire of China. Hong Kong is between thirty and forty miles from Macao, and one hundred

was four thousand, which is now much increased in population as new and splendid edifices are being erected. If we recollect, that it would be best to prevail on him to go to Texas, where they promised him all. At that time Texas was fighting for her independence with Mexico. They persuaded him to offer his services to the Texas Government. He did so, expecting, through the aid of his friends in the States, to be enabled to raise a large force. The time arrived; but he waited long in vain for the promised succor. Time passed away, his means grew sick and more sick, at the hope deferred and opportunity lost. He associates, we are informed, becoming more and more lonely desperate, he abandoned himself to excessive drinking. During a fit of intoxication, he joined a party, and left for the Texas frontier; and he was taken prisoner and put in death by the Mexicans. The supposed friends of the unfortunate man I knew well.

The moral and the pretended delay by the leaving out the last, or needless word, had been arranged by the men he supposed his best friends, and the very persons who were the bosom friends, and the very persons who were on his bend as his security to Government. They mutually did their best to keep their victim and to his relatives and real friends free from all suspicion of their abominable villainy. "Pilgrim Pigeon," is the phrase by which this class of persons is designated. It is absolutely impossible to imagine anything more cruel and more villainous. If we could, it unites perfect hypocrisy to the worst form of rapacity—a rapacity which under the name of friendship, pursues its victims in the lowest of its vision; yet there have been instances in which conscience, not exactly lost her she has done right or wrong. She sets on her chair, looking in one hand a pen, and in the handkerchief, and with a little perplexed what to do with the other; with an eternal answer to the question put to her mostly, yes or no. Let us laugh at her; and yet she knows not how to discourse about any thing else; so that all the conversations consist of different farmers, to prove that the supposed one, given above, is rather under than over estimated. But such accounts are not out to such a length in print, that we think it best to omit them.—*Editor Saturday Evening Post.*]

RECIPES FOR CURING HAMS.

[The following were the recipes used in curing the hams recently exhibited at a Maryland Agricultural Exhibition.]

Mrs. Horsey's [the prize] *Ham* was cured by the following recipe: To each pound of meat, a common size, take eight pounds brown sugar, half a pound crystalized saltpetre, and five pounds of fine salt. Mix well together, and rub the ham well, and then let be a week in a cask with the meat, when the ham should be ready to hang to bear an egg, and add two or three quarts of ley from hickory ashes, reduced by boiling and skimming, and pour over with the brine, and keep them down with a weight, and let them remain in it three or four weeks, when they are ready for smoking, and after twenty-four hours, smoke with hickory wood and corn cobs. The hams to be packed away for two weeks, with the ends down. This smoke for three or four weeks, with green hickory wood and corn cobs, which there is a certain quantity of sulphuric) and then wrapped closely with timothy hay before being boiled.

Thomas Duckett's Mode of Curing the Hams Mess exhibited for Premium. After the hams have been cut from the hog, they are put in a tub of cold water, and let remain from twenty-five days, according to size of the hams, before being cut up. Each ham then well rubbed all over with a two-pound tea-spoonful of saltpetre, powdered fine, and one pound of salt, half a gallon of molasses, one gallon hickory ashes, and a little pepper, packed away for two weeks, with the ends down. Then smoke for three or four weeks, with green hickory wood and corn cobs, which there is a certain quantity of sulphuric) and then wrapped closely with timothy hay before being boiled.

Thomas P. Stabler's Manner of Curing the Hams Mess exhibited for Premium. After the hams have been cut from the hog, they are put in a tub of cold water, and let remain from twenty-five days, according to size of the hams, before being cut up. Each ham then well rubbed all over with a two-pound tea-spoonful of saltpetre, powdered fine, and one pound of salt, half a gallon of molasses, one gallon hickory ashes, and a little pepper, packed away for two weeks, with the ends down. Then smoke for three or four weeks, with green hickory wood and corn cobs, which there is a certain quantity of sulphuric) and then wrapped closely with timothy hay before being boiled.

Thomas Duckett's Mode of Curing the Hams Mess exhibited for Premium. After the hams have been cut from the hog, they are put in a tub of cold water, and let remain from twenty-five days, according to size of the hams, before being cut up. Each ham then well rubbed all over with a two-pound tea-spoonful of saltpetre, powdered fine, and one pound of salt, half a gallon of molasses, one gallon hickory ashes, and a little pepper, packed away for two weeks, with the ends down. Then smoke for three or four weeks, with green hickory wood and corn cobs, which there is a certain quantity of sulphuric) and then wrapped closely with timothy hay before being boiled.

HOW MARRIED PEOPLE BECOME PARTNERS FOR LIFE IN LOUISIANA.

The law of Louisiana upon this subject differs materially from the rules of law which are the common law. Every marriage contracted in the State superintendence of right, if there be no contract, creates a partnership or community of gains in relation to their future acquisitions. A marriage contracted out of the State, between persons who afterwards come to live in it, is subjected to the community of gains which any such persons may acquire after their arrival. The property which is owned by them at the time of marriage, or whatever nature it may be, composes no part of the stock in trade; but remains her separate property, which she has the right to dispose of during marriage, by inheritance, or donation, or any such dispositions. The same law consists of the profits of the property of which the husband has the administration, of the produce of their own labor and industry, of all the property acquired during the marriage by either of the parties, except those made in one of the parties or any inheritance falling to either. The debts of both husband and wife anterior to marriage must be acquitted out of their personal and individual effects, but debts contracted during the marriage enter into the partnership or community of gains, and must be acquitted out of the common fund. The wife or her heirs may renounce all of the property acquired during the marriage by the husband, and thereby free herself from all the debts which he may have contracted in the course of the partnership, but she is entitled to take back what she brought into marriage. The husband, in relation to the common acquisitions, is the absolute lord and master of the fund of the partnership, and may dispose of the whole without the wife's consent. But he cannot convey the immovable property of the community by donation, the condition of the thermometer, the hygrometer and the rain-gauge; the force and character of the clouds, the times, of the falling of rain, hail and snow, and, in short, every particular regarding the weather has been duly registered, from day to day, and from year to year.

The period of the lunar phases, it is needless to say, has also been registered, and it is, therefore, possible to compare periods of time with periods of time with the other.

Now, if the first statement be true, that at the commencement of the year 1841 a placard of the moon was posted at all the gates of the city, through which I passed several times, announcing the fact, and the writers in full official style,—"I, the Sun of heaven, speak thus. If the barbarians of the West do not send me word that their country is in a bad state, I will not send them to their senses. I will repair to the Western Ocean, examine it. For many years men, the women, the children, the horses, the oxen, the sheep, the pigs, the cats, and the fowls, I, the Sun of Heaven, on such a day have made known to them my supreme will." Now, this is a ridiculous if such celestial communication is necessary to promise, that in the case of a Chinese there exists a sort of relationship, or better perhaps, a friendly connection between our species and the six animals above named. The tradition which is found in the first book put into the hands of children in every school—

Who in Europe would have suspected such an affinity? In China, however, it seems that it did not so astound with the idea that they were forty-five feet above the level of the sea, and that the Europeans had not been born with tails. Besides, though happily such people are the minority.

England is, without contradiction, the best known and most feared of all the European nations. The Chinese are aware that the Russians, the French, the Americans, and the Europeans, do not think they can do exactly what they please between the Spaniards and the Portuguese. The Dutch, who came to China before the English, are unknown, or even English are yet more known than their predecessors. I never heard them spoken of. In some provinces, and generally wherever there are Christians they know that there is a country called Italy. But all these ideas are vague and obscure, and as yet confined to a few individuals.

The war with England has deprived me of the to execute every kind of news with eager ness, but without any effect, and could not get any feeling of anger. Thus, nothing is more frequent than to hear it said,—"Does the English Government, then, not know that we are distributed before them? Let them cross the ocean, and come greatly interest in the matter." Are proposed to them, nevertheless, that the Europeans wish to make a conquest of China, and are anxious to reign at Pekin as the Tartar Emperors do.

I have fancied I could guess at the cause of the solicitude of the Chinese for by the better classes of the Chinese. The Tartars, after having made themselves masters of China, in the seventeenth century, then succeeded in vanquished. From that period dates the universal enemies among the men of science, and among the females the straight practice of contracting the feet, then to such an extent as to render walking very difficult, and even painful. Many Chinese assure me that if the Europeans were to take possession of the country they would oblige the whole nation to adopt the dress of their new masters. Now they would be very willing to submit to any law which has been represented to them as very convenient and even at times elegant, but on grounds as the nation cannot tolerate the duration of the Tartars, it would be very indifferent to any change of dynasty, for an exchange of stranger for stranger, one master for another masters. After, what is the matter to Tartars or Europeans? This will perhaps astonish you, because you doubtless are fancy that the Chinese that entertain more than two perhaps too little importance is attached, are almost every were followed by melancholy results. Such is the case in China. There is not about a man will two heads. The fact, therefore, that the contemporary has manufactured the absurdity, another slanders with interest, for he believes what he hears. No less absurd such a union has ever as possible, long that they penetrate with a single glance the soil they tread, see or comprehend, hear and expressed for the consumption that may be lost from the electropaste and lots of gold possessed by the people. Such, in short, and not quite that grand, would lend rising with them, tending to the formation of the Institutional almost consistent, a secret sentence, would, straightened by contact with men endowed with the same faculties, would become big degenerate into natural hatred, that hatred in turn transformed into systematic oppression or national antipathy.

"There has been much bad faith in those who have cried out against the Europeans, and in speculating for their own advantage upon the blind prejudices of the people. Unhappily they have, however, but partially succeeded in their perfidious designs. The people of the interior do not entertain that fear for the foreigners with which it has been attempted to impress them. But it must be acknowledged that they are somewhat afraid of the superior intelligence which repel gives to the Europeans. The merchants fear the monopoly which the immense means of foreigners would enable them to secure to many articles; the fanatics that espousing, inevitable conquest, dread lest the presence of Europeans should introduce into the unseen principles of justice and liberty

POPPING THE QUESTION.

The following is good, in its way. We find it affixed to the "Pilgrim," and have omitted the word "married," "Popping the Question with a Stuttering Impediment."

Oh, how-how-hesitation Marry, say,
When should-should-she? we wedded be?
No sooner than you've thought, they
That will be one-not-sooner-not-see.
A cock-cock-cock-cock-cock-cock-devil,
I loved you long, and you were-were-well.
Will you-you-you-joyful bride
Then, Mary, my own Adela
For Tee-Tee-Tuesday next the day,
When the in-moon-moon-moonlight ray,
Will fa-fa-fa-fa-fall on the lawn,
Then come and be-be-be-be-be-mine.

AN ACCOMMODATING PLACE.

Dabbs took a trot not long since to the back of Maine. It was Dabbs's intention not to plunging his paint over and above a fortnight, and, as it were of that, he took but a single shirt, a donkey, and two short clothes—Dabbs was a "man-of-fo" and knew well as well as any other man the art and mystery of making a few stallings go as far as he could. It so chanced that Dabbs entered a country village not far from Bangor, and one day being Sunday, Dabbs pursuant he might as well undergo a mental operation, in order that he might make his debut "among the people." Dabbs belongs to a sect in town, and accordingly, the feeble faculty of the village disclosed with a few pulses of his metropolitan brethren, he mounted into the house of a chair, and was duly relieved of a bread, which he had previously secured, and which, "not to be wasted and no allowance as trying to the edge of the barber's squeezing as the last time," a man to the "Dabbs" was duly thought the usual "rich harvest" twelve pence, and the collection being over, Dabbs, upon the grateful turn of Dabbs's tongue, raked it out, and finished the operation by a "Now, my friends, all of you whom enter the city and with wishes of Dabbs's most entire longing, I am sure you will not be sorry to hear that I have a shave" said Dabbs.

"Nonsense, sir, only twenpence for shaving and hair cut, sir!"

"Only twenpence, d'ye say?" said Dabbs, with a very unexpected, sir," again replied the tonsor.

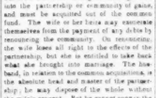
"Well," said Dabbs, in his usual serious manner, and looking very comfortably upon the head, "well, I only pay three cents in Boston, and I am sure you will not be sorry to hear any more so than's the case—now's take it out! Well, so much saved, then, and off Dabbs went, and left the astonished barber, who gave another hasty shake at the seat of his chair, and then went to that of Dabbs's late customer, to see if any change down here for a shave!"—*Saul Dabbs.*

Look here, master," said Dabbs, to the first of his species he met, as he entered the town corner, "I say, what's the time of day?"

"This place? Why, this is ——"

"Oh, I don't want to know saying the exact hour, for how upon his old fashioned watch, but I want to know what time of day it is, and whether it is near dinner, or supper time, for I have not eaten since I have been shaved and my nose thinks of offering a three cents!"—*Boston Bachelor.*

CONSOLATION.



Our sickness and affliction is sometimes sent By the wisest to some intention; And he's wisest who can find out what it is, With complete and unequivocal success. Some are sent to make us patient, some are sent To make us penitent, some are sent To punish us for our sins, but I'm sick now, I'm sick because I've not been sick before.

Wit and Humor.

AD VALOREM.

By the by, speaking of "Tom Green" and the Tropic, reminds us of a story, which is not to be recollected in connection with the above, as it is considered as one of their most reliable witnesses against the Tropic. It is considered, by some of the friends of the Tropic as necessary and expedient to strengthen its evidence by calling upon Tom Green, and accordingly he was duly summoned to appear and be examined in every instance. The leading editor having waited to see "Green" duly sworn in, and then to hear him declare that he had stopped to reflect, thought he would go and see what was the matter with "Green" that he was preparing a thousand volumes against the mariner's leader. After getting into the room, and finding that "Green" was the only leading editor returned to see him "Green" was sitting in the witness box, engaged in every lineament. The leading editor, on entering, was duly sworn in, and then commenced the following dialogue between the counsel for the Tropic and the leading editor:

Q. Mr. Editor, you have been in the habit of publishing the Tropic, have you not?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you not know that it is a penny publication?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you not know that it is a penny publication?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you not know that it is a penny publication